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he Book, the Show,
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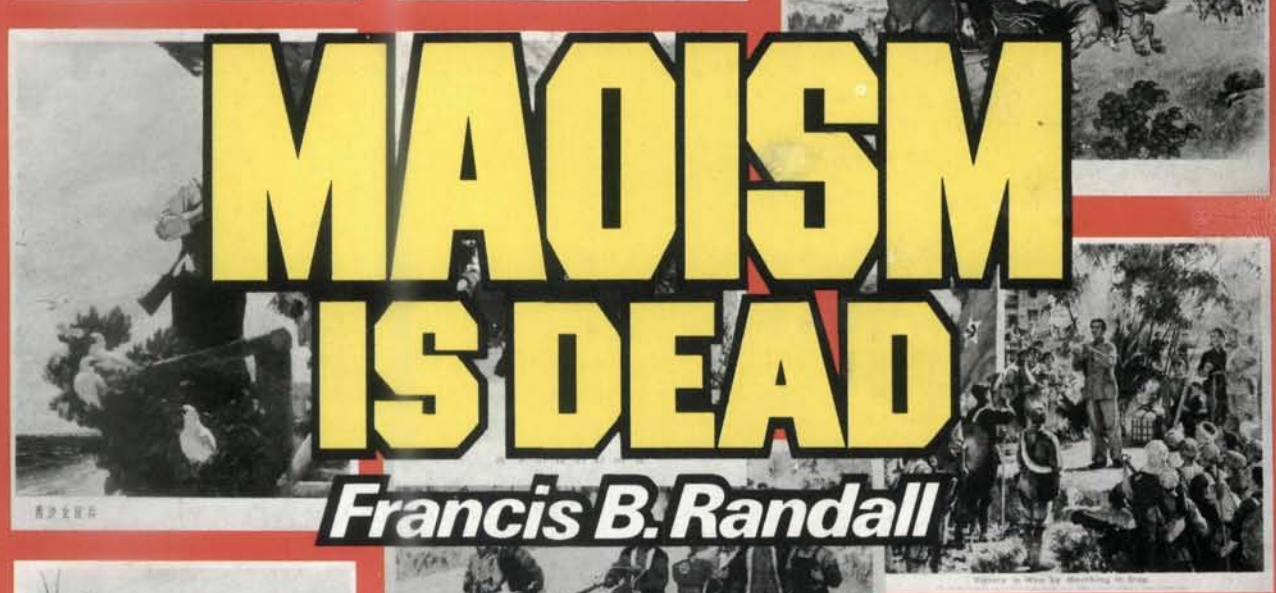
NATIONAL REVIEW

MAOISM IS DEAD

Francis B. Randall



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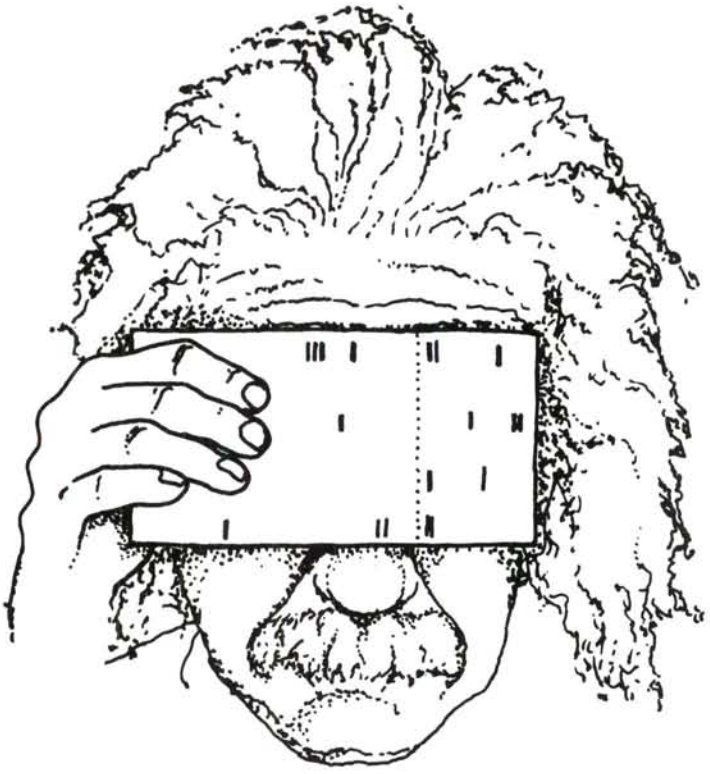

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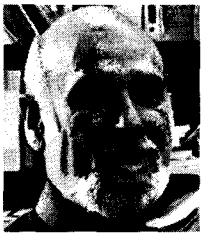
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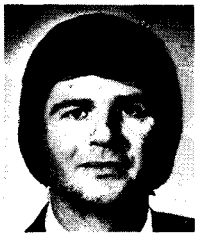
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A visitor to Russia in the wake of Stalin's death had the rare fortune to be in China shortly after Mao left this world. In both countries there was the symbolic omnipresence of the departed leader, and the pervasive Newspeak of imprisoned minds, children and adults alike, uncomprehending of the effect they produce on outsiders from the free world. Yet China, despite its attempts to model its society on Stalin's, retains a vastly different character, freer—and poorer—than is generally thought. The passing of Mao has brought with it the passing of Maoism. What will succeed it can't be predicted, but meanwhile the Chinese are observing the convulsion festively. *Francis B. Randall*

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Letters

Contra Martin

I cannot cite all the statements in Malachi B. Martin's "Priestly Ordination" [Feb. 18] that rankle me. But speaking of "mind set," Mr. Martin's must have set somewhere around 1905, before the *periti* of his own Communion began a non-polemical examination of Anglican theology and history.

Presumably the vast majority of Episcopalians couldn't care less whether or not Roman Catholic authorities consider their ministry "valid." However, at least three international Roman Catholic–Anglican Consultations in the last decade have produced from the Roman theologians' side semi-official views about Anglicanism diametrically opposite to Mr. Martin's. In a scholarly encyclical in 1898 (replying to Pope Leo XIII's bull of 1897), the Archbishops of Britain clearly set forth the Anglican understanding of the "eucharistic sacrifice . . .", an understanding which, although definitely not medieval, has been pretty much adopted by Vatican II. So, watch out for boomerangs, Mr. Martin.

Now, I find it hard to believe that Mr. Martin really read all those arguments *pro* and *con* women priests. As a matter of record, both sides proposed theological as well as sociological reasons. I am glad to agree with Mr. Martin's position contra women priests, and for theological reasons.

To state that the ladies uncanonically ordained in July 1974 are "not bothered about the validity of their ordinations" reveals a complete misunderstanding by Mr. Martin. However, if women were to be capable of ordination in the first place (and these ladies believe the answer is "yes"), then by the medieval mechanistic view of ordination . . . over and over assented to by the Roman Catholic Church . . . these ladies were "validly" ordained. I must concede that, in Mr. Martin's view, they were *not*, for two reasons: they are ladies, and they are Episcopalians.

It is reassuring that Mr. Martin allows Episcopalians to be "beloved of Jesus." But I wonder why he fussed so over our ordaining of women, when we are, in his estimation, already beyond the pale of catholic order and orthodox practice?

REV. CANON EDMUND W. OLIFIERS JR.
Lindenhurst, N.Y.

Having read Malachi B. Martin's "Priestly Ordination," I can only conclude that he has not done his homework as regards the relationship between Eastern Orthodoxy and the U.S. Episcopal Church. His statement: "for the ancient Communions (Eastern Orthodoxy and Roman Catholicism), their (the bishops and priests of the U.S. Episcopal Church) Ordination and their Eucharist are invalid," is simply false. For the Roman Church, this statement may be representative of their position, but it is not for Eastern Orthodoxy. In 1922 the synod of the Orthodox Patriarch of Constantinople formally recognized the validity of Anglican orders, which includes those of the Episcopal Church. Other Orthodox Churches have also given similar recognition to the continuance of the apostolic succession of bishops, priests, and deacons in the Anglican Communion.

JOHN CRAWFORD BAUERSCHMIDT
Columbia, S.C.

The Caucus Paradox

Mr. Payne's analysis and observations of the "Status-Seeker" *v.* "Program-Oriented" politicians are, alas, all too true ["The Democratic Paradox," Jan. 21]. Although his catalogue is formulated from an academic vantage point, I came to almost the exact same conclusion nearly twenty years ago while serving as a press secretary/speechwriter at the gubernatorial level in a major state.

Professor Payne's concluding proposal for a nominee to public office selected by jury is obviously both intriguing and attractive, and his arguments in favor of the idea most persuasive. Indeed, just such a system has been in operation in a number of communities for many years. Most commonly it is known as the "Community Caucus."

I first encountered it personally when, after concluding my political phase, I moved to a Chicago suburb and, in an

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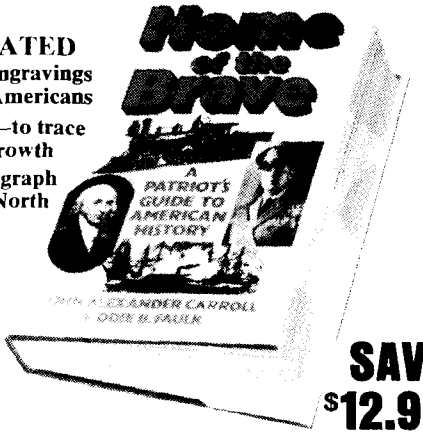

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unguarded moment, was persuaded to seek (and obtained) the local Caucus' nomination to a vacant seat on the local school board. Only after the election in which I was thoroughly defeated (third in a field of five) did one of the older inhabitants gently console me with the datum that no Caucus candidate had been elected to anything in the community in almost ten years. Well, I *had* wondered why I, a newcomer, had been so honored.

A few years later, moving to a far distant suburb of the same city, I encountered another Community Caucus, though not again as a candidate. In this instance, the data were exactly reversed. In *this* community, only rarely did anyone dare to run against the Caucus candidate for anything—and almost never successfully.

The causative factors could, perhaps, be fertile ground for a doctoral dissertation. But I am surprised that a Poly Sci professor would not be familiar with the caucus system or, being familiar with it, would fail to mention it in connection with such a related proposal.

St. Petersburg, Fla. NICK EGOROFF

The Missing Category

In reading Nathaniel Weyl's article on current contraception trends ["Class and Race," Jan. 21], one should not be hasty in embracing the writer's optimistic deductions.

While Mr. Weyl's data support an approaching equilibrium between the races pertinent to contraceptive "use," his conclusions are somewhat clouded by a persistent disequilibrium in the efficiency of such utilization.

As Mr. Weyl candidly admits, the National Survey of Family Growth studies do not include unmarried mothers, and it is here that optimism is dispelled.

Some light is shed upon this delicate area by the U.S. Census Bureau's first report on premarital childbirth. The report revealed that in 1969 52.6 per cent of first-born black children were illegitimate (as compared to 10.1 per cent of first-born whites), that first-born illegitimate births have increased in recent years for blacks while remaining relatively stable for whites, and that the bulk of the black increase was from mothers between the ages of 15 and thirty.

Complementing this trend are the findings from a study published in 1971 by demographers at Johns Hopkins University which disclosed that only 18.8 per cent of teenage black females were even cognizant of their fertile menstrual periods, as opposed to 54.4 per cent of their white counterparts.

The above data indeed do not necessarily imply an efficient and effective contraceptive use among the eugenically disinclined strata of the populace—anymore than an increasing number of drivers insures an increasing level of automotive safety and efficiency—which

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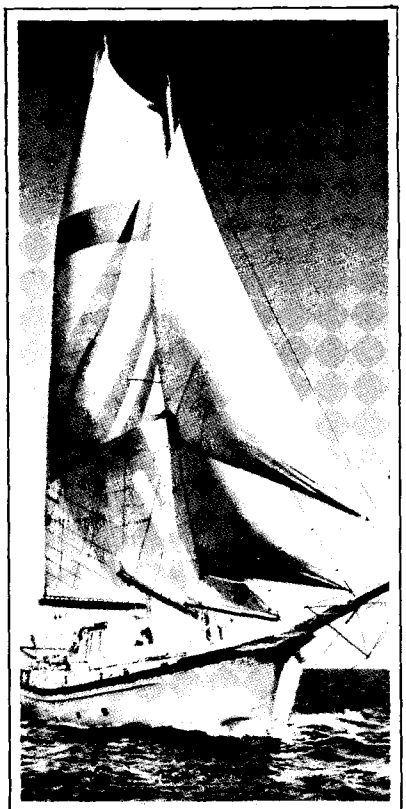

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Louisville, Ky. IRVIN J. HALBLEIB JR.

Clubs, Sticks, and Alpenstocks

Mr. James Burnham (in his Feb. 4 column "More Weapons for What?") seems to think that we shouldn't change our present defense posture until we've settled on a new global political-military strategy. But if congressional speed in evolving a strategy toward the energy crisis is any yardstick, then this "until" is going to represent a long wait indeed. Unfortunately, our lives must still be lived in that area between now and "until." And as this winter has made us bitterly aware, it gets very cold very fast while awaiting strategy consensus.

The truth is that a grand strategy is not necessary. Our present situation—which seems to find Russia able to withstand attacks by us, but us unable to withstand attacks by them—is not complex. He has a club and wears a football helmet. You have only a stick. What to do? Do you stand there writing down a description of the circumstances so that you can send it off to a think-tank, or do you get yourself a club and something protective just as quickly as you can?

To delay in time of a defense crisis is to invite the same effect such delays have had on the energy crisis—only this time, all at once, in milliseconds, we will have

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much too much energy, much too much heat.
Topeka, Kan. JAMES J. FINN

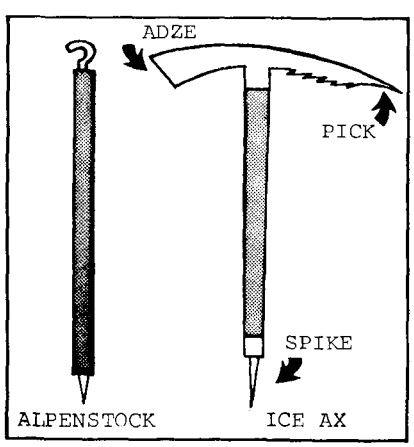
James Burnham's point—that preponderance in numbers and/or weaponry has rarely determined the outcome of wars—is extremely well taken, and should be firmly impressed upon anyone who wishes to understand national confrontations. Most people—even otherwise competent people—seem not to understand this, and so we have arms races. What wins wars, for the most part, is the will to do so. Granting that our own Civil War was an exception, spirit conquers weight of metal four times in five.

Therefore, current arms production should be regarded as negotiable one-upmanship more than as a measure of national strength.

Mr. Burnham's title question—"More Weapons for What?" might be answered with "More Weapons for Poker Chips."

But here is the awful conclusion: A bluff works only if one's adversary believes it. We—the U.S. today as well as what is left of the Western world—have clearly lost the will to use what power we have. We won't fight, over anything. Successive Administrations have demonstrated this by so many incidents in the last few years that today we couldn't scare the Russians or the Chinese or the Cubans or the Albanians, even if we outgunned them all twenty times over. Building the most enormous arsenal is wasted effort unless we intend to use it, and our enemies know, at this point, that we don't. It is late to convince them otherwise, and Jimmy Carter does not seem willing even to try.
Paulden, Ariz. JEFF COOPER

Ramon Mercader ["The Week," Feb. 4] used an ice axe, *not* an alpenstock. It is like the difference between a stiletto and a baseball bat. Alpenstocks have been outdated since the 1910s anyway.
Berkeley, Calif. THOMAS H. JUKES



First Aboard

Either Richard Bayan ["The Liberal Artist at Work," Feb. 4] is a brilliant writer or I am so much in love with myself that

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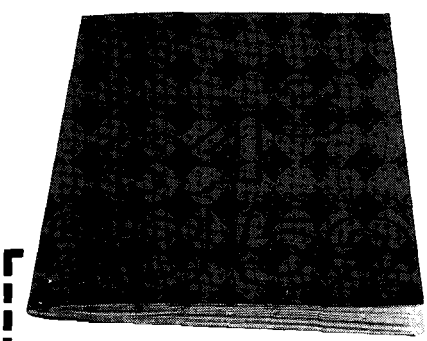

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my image looks beautiful to me even in a crackled mirror. I have been reading *NR* regularly for years, but not until just now has my impulse to signal approval been irresistible. Sobran, Brudnoy, van den Haag, and Greenway have all put dazzling gems on display in *NR*, but none have refracted my energies quite like Bayan's.

Let me be the first to climb aboard the Bayan bandwagon. But I'm worried: no one cheered his first swing through *NR* country, and now his first passenger turns out to be a fellow armored glyptodon. Is this a bandwagon or the Extinction Express? I'm glad that he was able to peddle some of the extract from his life as a lemon, but if his only enthusiasts are guys like me then he is in trouble. If he came out with a book, I'd read it—at a library. I, too, was the sort of student Russell Kirk romanticizes in his treacherous fantasies, and my income from all sources last year, including $1.83 interest, was $1,505.92. (And Buckley always writes asking if I can contribute a thousand or so to the cause.) But at least I've got quality.

Salem, Ore. BRIAN O'BRIAN

The Simple and True

Your editorial criticism of Saul Bellow's Nobel lecture ["Bellow and Modernism," Jan. 7] can be faulted on several counts.

1. You state that Bellow, in his indictment of contemporary writers for adhering to themes set forth by Baudelaire, Nietzsche, and Marx, does not include Freud, whereas he actually stated, as quoted in the *New York Times* of December 13, 1976: ". . . essay after essay, book after book, confirm the most serious thoughts—Baudelairian, Nietzschean, Marxian, psychoanalytic, etc."

2. You criticize Bellow for advocating a return to what is "simple and true" and remind him that "not many things are either 'simple' or 'simply true.'" In the same lecture, however, Bellow gave ample evidence of his meaning when he spoke of "the essence of our condition, the complexity, the confusion, the pain of it." He also called for a return to what is "fundamental, enduring, essential," and reminded us of the sense of our real powers, powers we seem to derive from the universe itself . . . we are reluctant to talk about this because there is nothing we can prove . . . and because there are few people willing to risk talking about it. They would have to say 'there is a spirit' and that is taboo."

Aren't these intimations of C. S. Lewis' "Tao" in *The Abolition of Man* or of Duncan Williams' ideas in *The Trousered Ape*—both highly praised in your pages?

3. It seems a bit presumptuous to try to blast a literary and philosophical lecture which is reported to have lasted seventy minutes in a brief editorial which, to boot, contains some rather nebulous sentences like "savagery reveals the depths not because it is 'noble,' as the bourgeois prophet Rousseau thought, but precisely because it is savage."

I would think that you should subject Bellow's lecture to further study and that any possible future critique would be enhanced by a return to the "simple and true."

Clifton Park, N.Y. ALFRED HORNIK

Where Decadence Is Taught

Everybody at Washington and Lee is, of course, flattered and gratified that we were included in Professor Kirk's (lamentably brief) catalogue of undergraduate educational institutions of specially pleasing character ["Where Something Is Taught," Jan. 21]. In fact, we like to think that we deserve inclusion on such a list, compiled by such a distinguished observer of American education.

It pleases us more than a little that one of Mr. Kirk's criteria was a curriculum that "is not decadent." Perhaps, then, he will be amused with us in knowing that his good friend, NATIONAL REVIEW's occasional contributor, and our eminent and exceedingly popular teacher, Jefferson Davis Futch III, presides over an alternate-year course in late nineteenth century European history entitled, simply, "Decadence."

Lexington, Va. ROBERT S. KEEFE

Carl von Clausewitz

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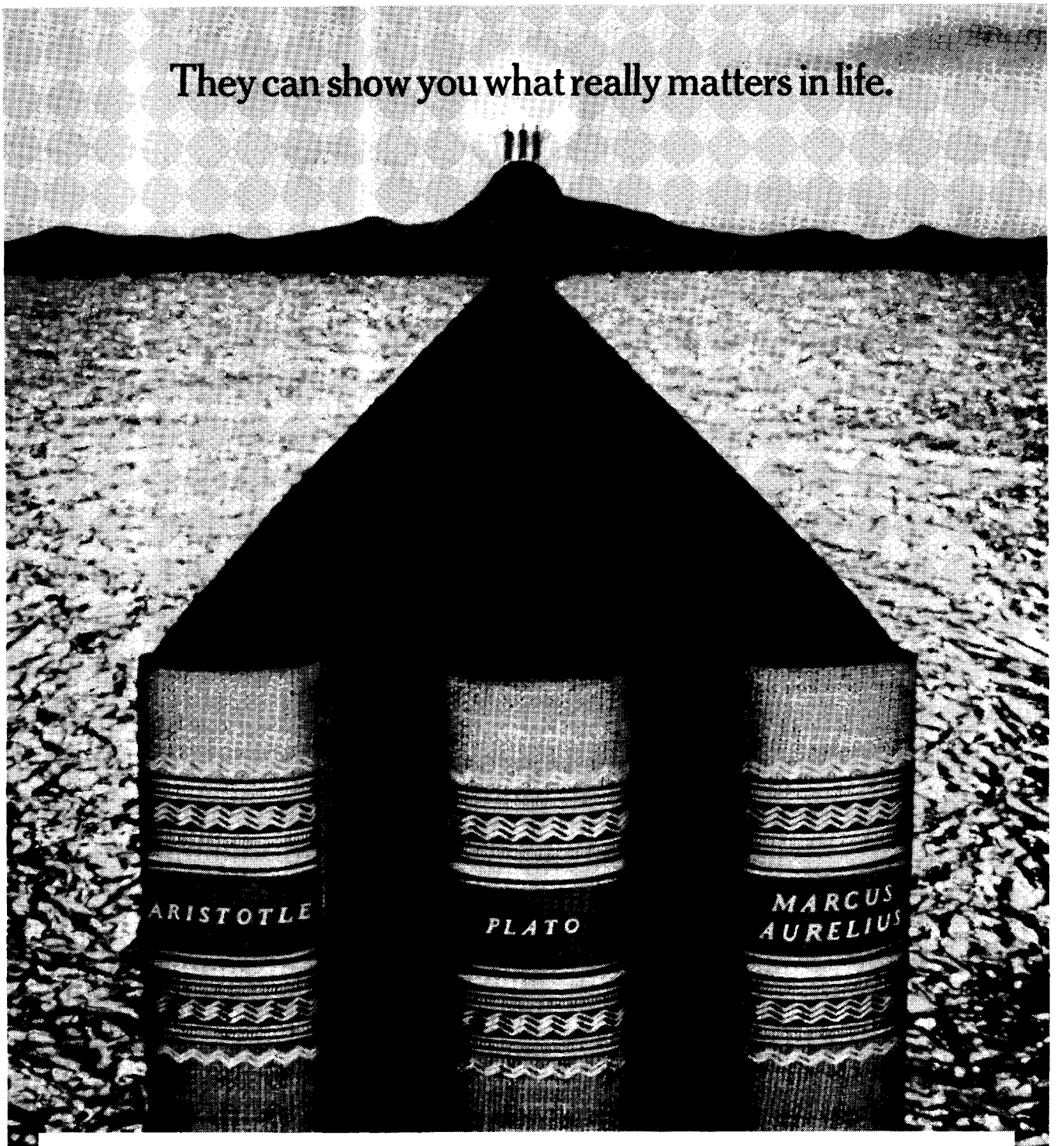

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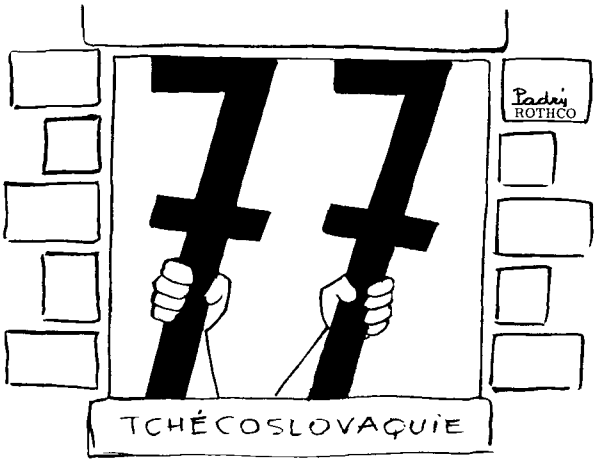
FOR THE RECORD

■ Maybe some of it rubbed off. Sen. **Richard Schweiker** (R., Pa.), **Ronald Reagan**'s choice for vice presidential running-mate, has come out forcefully against the nomination of **Paul Warnke** as Disarmament Czar. Schweiker says that he has "grave doubts," in view of Warnke's past opposition to nearly every major weapons system, that the two-thirds vote could be found in the Senate to ratify any treaty Warnke might negotiate with the Soviet Union. . . . Most effective in the fight against Warnke have been former GOP Minority Leader **Robert Griffin** and freshman Republican Sen. **John Danforth** (Miss.). It was Danforth who is credited with getting the Foreign Relations Committee to call on Warnke's former boss in the SALT I talks, **Paul Nitze**, to testify against Warnke. . . . Majority Leader **Robert Byrd** has warned **Carter** Administration he wants no hasty actions taken against FBI Director **Clarence Kelley** (whom Carter had said, in mid-campaign, that he would have fired). If Kelley is fired without cause, says Byrd, "the nomination of his successor will not be called up in the Senate in the immediate future." . . . Smooth sailing predicted for Admiral **Stansfield Turner** through sometimes rocky waters of Senate confirmation procedures. Turner had some very sensible things to say about naval buildups and strategy in recent *Foreign Affairs* article, is also one of the only two post-WW II Annapolis graduates to have attained full admiral rank. In addition, military men have frequently headed the CIA.

■ Fascinating maneuverings underway in Georgia where two of **Martin Luther King**'s former supporters, the Rev. **Ralph D. Abernathy** and **John Lewis**, are both bidding for the congressional seat that **Andrew Young** relinquished. . . . Other Georgia talk: that Carter's son **Jack**, a 29-year-old attorney, will run for Congress against incumbent Democrat **Lawrence McDonald** in '78, and that if there is a Supreme Court vacancy in near future Carter may name his Atlanta advisor **Charles Kirbo** to the post. . . . Behind the surprise decision of way-out liberal Sen. **James Abourezk** (S.D.) not to run again in 1978 is the frustration with the job Abourezk cited, plus private polls that show him running badly against any opposition, Democratic or Republican.

■ Republican developments: **Gerald Ford** has signed on with the conservative American Enterprise Institute (AEI) "in a consultative and advisory capacity," according to AEI president **William J. Baroody**. . . . **George Bush**, former CIA Director, former U.S. Ambassador to the UN, former congressman, has returned to Texas and says he's keeping his political options open for 1980. . . . The American Conservative Union has named Rep. **Philip Crane** (R., Ill.) to replace **M. Stanton Evans** as chairman. . . . A former editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, **John Denson**, has come out of retirement to help former **James L. Buckley** aide **Len Saffir** launch his new New York City morning tabloid *The Trib*, which Saffir hopes to have on the streets before the end of the year. . . . And the National News Council, which was established in 1973 as a private organization to monitor news reporting, has received a letter from **William Paley** of CBS assuring it of CBS' cooperation in its work, a major breakthrough.



Padry, *Le Herisson* Rothco

■ End of an era: Spain, which broke off diplomatic relations with Russia in 1939, has now re-established them with Moscow and also with Prague and Budapest. The deal was cemented by the issuance to Communist Party leader **Santiago Carrillo** of a Spanish passport and identity card. . . . **Salvador Allende**'s *Unidad Popular* coalition is now headquartered in East Berlin. . . . Yugoslav dissident **Milovan Djilas**, once No. 2 man to **Tito**, has told the UN Commission on Human Rights that there are 600 political prisoners in Yugoslav jails today (proportionately as many as in the Soviet Union) and that, in many ways, the people of Yugoslavia were freer in the bad old monarchist days.

■ BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND!/ THOU ART NOT SO UNKIND AS MAN'S INGRATITUDE NOTE: Hanoi has just accused **Joan Baez**, **Ramsey Clark**, et al. of being "barbarians" and "U.S. imperialists" for suggesting that North Vietnam is mistreating people in the South.

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THE WEEK

■ Hugh Hefner, call your office. President Carter has told HUD employees, "For those of you living in sin, I hope you'll get married. Those of you who've left your spouses, go back home." Another pre-election promise lies in shards: during the campaign he assured *Playboy* he wouldn't condemn that sort of thing.

■ Attorney General Griffin Bell has offered the public school system of Dayton, Ohio good reason to be optimistic about forthcoming hearings before the U.S. Supreme Court. Appearing on *Face the Nation*, Bell stated that in his estimation the Justices effectively altered the busing corpus when, last December, they vacated the order of a federal appeals court that the Austin, Texas, school system subject itself to a massive desegregation scheme. The Supreme Court said that the appeals court should reconsider its decision in light of a previous finding by the Court that in such cases intent to segregate must be proven. Bell's remarks provoked moans of consternation from various Busing Brigades, but it appears that he arrived at his decision quite independently, with no help from the Piedmont Driving Club whose comradeship he recently abjured.

■ The United Steelworkers of America and Canada, the largest jewel in Mr. Meany's tiara, have elected Lloyd McBride their next president. McBride, an ally of retiring USW President I. W. Abel, supports the groundbreaking Ensured Negotiating Agreement that was first introduced in 1973 and calls for no strikes and arbitration of issues not settled at the bargaining table. Loser Ed Sadlowski was trounced by a 3 to 2 margin, larger than expected, even though he had the backing of such hardhats as Ted Sorensen and John Kenneth Galbraith.

■ Before November 2, 1976, candidate Jimmy Carter was so vociferous in his support for Israel that you might have thought he was planning to move there upon retirement and spend his golden years raising peanuts on a *kibbutz*. But in the course of his first weeks in the Oval Office, President Carter has been more inclined to criticize Israeli policy, and even to thwart it. A couple of weeks ago, he blocked the sale by the Israeli government of 24 fighter-bombers to Ecuador because the planes' jet engines are of American manufacture; shortly thereafter, he announced that he was reconsidering a campaign promise by President Ford to supply Israel with concussion bombs. And, most recently, the President—on the eve of Secretary Vance's departure for a two-week sojourn in the Middle East—permitted the State Department to criticize Israel for its diplomatically "not helpful" decision to begin drilling for oil in the Gulf of Suez (off the Sinai Peninsula). All this is, of course, Carter's way of showing that he meant what he said about controlling weapons sales and offering Third World countries even-handed treatment in their disputes with the United States and her allies. Politically, however, Carter is pursuing a course which will bring him into conflict with the pro-Israeli interest in the U.S., and the collision could be a beaut.

■ Ambassador Andrew Young may think of himself returning to the United Nations as a Third World hero after his mold-smashing tour of southern Africa. If so, let him enjoy the ephemeral incandescence of the glow. But mold-breakers, especially those whose task is diplomacy, often find that the rest of their days are spent sweeping up the busted clay—that is, if they stay around. Fortunately, the State Department has many tidy-minded bureaucrats who are experts at sweeping up cheerfully for other people. They are too disciplined to give the process its proper name, which is an infernal waste of time.

■ Official American disapproval of the white government of Rhodesia has one very embarrassing feature. Six years ago, Congress voted to import Rhodesian chrome in violation of an international treaty to which the United States had previously subscribed, to wit United Nations economic sanctions against that country. The Byrd Amendment, passed over the technical opposition of the Nixon Administration, authorized the purchase of Rhodesian chrome for national security reasons. The argument given was a perfectly good one, that otherwise the United States would be obliged to buy chrome at three times the normal price from the Soviet Union, which had itself obtained it from Rhodesian mines. But the situation has been a smarting thorn in the side of any effort by Washington to assume a stance of moral superiority in the Rhodesia matter, and is particularly so to President Carter. Now Secretary of State Vance is asking Congress once more to repeal the amendment as fast as possible. Senator Harry Byrd, however, is said to be unmoved, and although there is

Playing 'Red Light' with Warnke

Close your eyes and count to ten;
When you open up again,
Anyone who moves a *toe*
Has to start again from Go.
Back when I was pushing six,
That was how I got my kicks,
But today I'd get the sweats
Playing with the Soviets.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In early February, conservative activists gathered here at the 1977 Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) to discuss the condition of conservatism and to map conservative strategy for the next four years. Speaker after speaker pointed to a battery of polls showing that a majority of Americans consider themselves conservative. Yet at the same time, they admitted, this national conservative impulse has not been translated into successful political action. Many of the conservative spokesmen at CPAC agreed with Ronald Reagan that the Republican Party has failed to communicate a coherent statement of conservative principles to the American people and should be reformed. Others, however, among them *NR* Publisher William Rusher, argued that the problem is the Republican Party itself. Because the GOP must compromise with its liberals, said Rusher, it can never function effectively as a conservative vehicle.

Nevertheless, despite strong residual third-party sentiment, conservative activist leaders such as Senator Jesse Helms, Representative Phil Crane, former Senator Jim Buckley, and Reagan himself spoke against breakaway attempts. Referring to what he called "The New Republican Party," Reagan said: "Yes, conservatism is the majority line. But I believe that political success of the principles we believe in can best be achieved in the Republican Party. I believe the Republican Party can and should provide the political mechanism through which the goals of Americans can be achieved. It makes more sense to build on that grouping than to break it up and start over again. Rather than a third party we can have a new first party made up of people who share our principles."

Thus, the prevailing sentiment at CPAC seemed to be that the party of the new American majority that conservatives have been discussing for the past half decade should be built within the old minority party. No one at CPAC was able to say specifically how this could be done, however.

Jimmy Carter was also on the minds of the CPACers. Columnist Robert Novak drew cheers when he observed that "Carter is Scoop Jackson turned inside out. He's turning right on domestic policy and left on foreign policy." But here, in part, seems to lie the conservative problem. It is no doubt true, as the speakers insisted, that a majority of Americans think of themselves as conservative. But many of these Americans may also think of Carter as a conservative on domestic matters. As one conservative put it, "He's started off more conservatively than Richard Nixon or Gerald Ford did. And that may be just as conservative as most conservative Americans want to be."

The solution? Jesse Helms maintained that the problem would solve itself, as soon as "all the empty platitudes catch up with the empty pockets and empty promises." Others, however, suggested that perhaps conservatism as an organized political movement will have to become more appealing to a broader cross section of Americans. Pat Buchanan proposed that conservatives become active in the campaigns of such Democratic Party conservatives as Alabama Senator James Allen. And James Buckley suggested that certain fundamental conservative attitudes may have to be modified. "In today's world, for example, it makes neither political nor moral sense to advocate a wholesale retrenchment in programs of public assistance in the expectation that private charities and families will immediately fill the void," said Buckley.

Outside of Jim Buckley's proposal for a shadow cabinet under the auspices of the Republican National Committee to monitor Carter's programs and policies and the YAF plan for a Carter watch, however, there were few practical suggestions as to how Carter's domestic appeal could be countered over the next four years. But foreign policy was another matter. The consensus at CPAC was that foreign policy will prove to be his Achilles heel.

Ronald Reagan asserted that during the next four years foreign policy will be the "only major question on the agenda of national priorities." And perhaps the single most effective panel discussion at CPAC was the one on national defense, in which the nomination of Paul Warnke to head the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency was assailed both for what it means for the future of national defense and for what it tells us about Carter's overall design for foreign policy.

Finally, there was the whole question of conservative leadership. Ronald Reagan never said that he intended to go for the Republican nomination in 1980. But neither did he deny it. He looked and sounded like a presidential candidate, and it was obvious that the majority of the 550 CPACers expect him to lead at least one more charge. On such matters as a third-party movement, Reagan's position easily prevailed. —CATO

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plenty of extra evidence to support repeal—abundant chrome stockpiles and new technology making steel less dependent on chrome—the thorn is not likely to be easily pulled.

■ In 1947, writing as "Mr. X" in *Foreign Affairs*, George Kennan proposed the idea of firm containment of Soviet power that became the strategic guide for U.S. cold war policy, and thereby made Kennan a prime villain in the New Left revisionist demonology of the past decade. In an interview last month with Martin Agronsky, Kennan's words suggest that he has pretty well mellowed over these thirty years in his judgments of all concerned except the United States. He expressed hurt astonishment that "all the young scholars, the revisionists, today keep charging me with having advocated exactly the policies toward Russia that I am now opposing." What he is now opposing, he makes abundantly clear, is the failure to credit Moscow with good, cooperative, and peaceful intentions. Kennan in particular—in standard revisionist fashion—criticizes the U.S. for a double standard by which it condemns Russia for doing (or allegedly doing) things like those we have first done ourselves. He mentions, apparently having forgotten Angola, possible Russian moves in Rhodesia based on our political intervention in that region, ditto the Middle East. But it is Iran that most of all upsets him. "In the case of Iran, it's quite mad—the quantities of arms we're putting in there. And I would just raise the question: suppose the Russians, in the last two or three years, had given several billion dollars' worth of arms to the Mexicans, had put several tens of thousands of instructors, semi-military personnel, in there to teach the Mexicans how to use these arms. Can you imagine

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the outcry that would have arisen in this country?" Well, we hope there would have been one hell of an outcry, but, with even Ambassador Kennan gone above-the-battle on us, we're not so sure anymore.

■ Jacques Chirac, dynamic conservative leader of the Gaullist party, is getting ready to give President Giscard d'Estaing a big political black eye by winning the race for mayor of Paris in the French municipal elections next month, a post for which Giscard had hand-picked cabinet member Michel d'Ornano. If so, Chirac will be in a commanding position to challenge Giscard himself for the presidency in 1981, especially if Giscard loses ground to Communists and Socialists in the parliamentary elections next year. Giscard recently gave himself a black eye when he said he could "co-exist" with a Communist–Socialist majority in the National Assembly.

■ The award for most daring wall-poster in the first five months after Mao's death must go to Kung-jen, author of a twenty-page poster on display in Canton. After noting the superiority of the Japanese economy to the Chinese, Kung-jen asked: "Are the Chinese people inferior to Japanese people in intelligence and talent?" Or, he mused, "is the Chinese socialist system inferior to the Japanese system?"

■ The New Vietnam: The Roman Catholic bishops of Da Nang and Nha Trang have recently been arrested; emulating their Khmer Rouge brethren, Vietnam's Communists have banished some 600,000 to a million Saigon residents to "new economic zones"; from 50,000 to 200,000 people who served in the Thieu government are now in what the Communists term "re-education" camps, where the re-education ranges from lectures on the National Liberation Front's struggle against American imperialism to clearing minefields by hand.

■ HOW'S THAT FOR PUTTING YOUR HEART AND SOUL INTO IT, from the *Daily World* (Communist) review of *Tail-Gunner Joe*: "Truth was more nightmarish than any fiction in this NBC documentary. For three hours the horrors of the cold war hysteria of a quarter-century ago held us spellbound, watching this rat whose teeth bit sharpest when he was cornered and whose nose was sensitive to one odor only, the smell of money. . . . It wasn't the chill in our living room that made us shiver last Sunday night. It was the chilling portrait of Joseph McCarthy."

■ WHITE COLLAR CRIME DEPT. Mr. Audrey Bumgard, a Texas oil driller, has been indicted for air piracy for allegedly slapping two National Airlines stewardesses on their alleged behinds. Seems the charge falls under the federal statute that defines a pirate as anyone who, "while on an aircraft in U.S. jurisdiction, assaults, intimidates, or threatens a crew member or flight attendant so as to interfere with his [or, needless to say, her] duties." An FBI agent who questioned Mr. Bumgard said he'd admitted he'd "patted" one of the stewardesses, "and that maybe he'd patted her harder than intended." He could get twenty years and a $10,000 fine. Sounds like a bum rap to us.

■ Meanwhile, in their latest trial, Hurricane Carter and John Artis have received six more life sentences between them, which is to say that Mr. Artis will be eligible for parole in 1982, and Mr. Carter in 1995. They may be sprung in time to join the Free Audrey Bumgard movement.

■ *Washington Post* headline: "The Minuses of New Math: Pupils Gain in Theory, Lose in Skills." Ah, well. It's the thought that counts.

■ Bureaucratic Rule Number 17: you can get away with anything, as long as you call it a preliminary draft.

■ The EPA has lowered its estimate of the new sewage facilities it says the law requires to be built by 1983 from $151 billion (yes, billion) to only $96 billion. Between that news and it being Monday, we are feeling extra cheerful.

Secret Speech: Did Brezhnev Come Clean?

So far the only major newspaper to report this startling development has been the *Boston Globe*, a left-liberal but, in general, professionally scrupulous publication.

According to a front-page *Globe* article (February 11) under the byline of William Beecher of the Washington Bureau, British intelligence learned in early 1973 the

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"And remember, when it comes to voting, it was Mrs. Gandhi who let you out."

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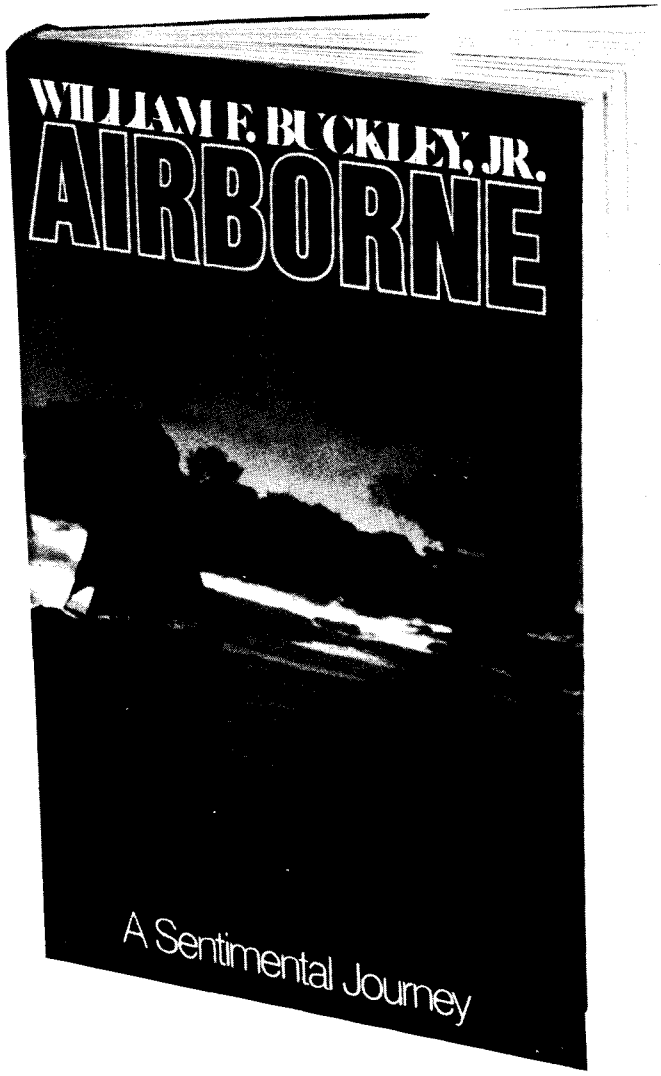

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substance of a secret speech made in Prague by Leonid Brezhnev to a meeting of East European Communist rulers. The British, passing on the information to top officials in the Nixon Administration, evaluated the speech as comparable in importance to Nikita Khrushchev's 1956 speech denouncing Stalin. Brezhnev, according to this report, described "detente" as a ruse designed to lead to a decisive shift in the balance of power. Some key passages read as follows:

"We are achieving with detente what our predecessors have been unable to achieve using the mailed fist. . . . We have been able to accomplish more in a short time with detente than was done for years pursuing a confrontation policy with NATO. . . . Trust us, comrades, for by 1985, as a consequence of what we are now achieving with detente, we will have achieved most of our objectives in Western Europe. We will have consolidated our position. We will have improved our economy. And a decisive shift in the correlation of forces will be such that, come 1985, we will be able to extend our will wherever we need to."

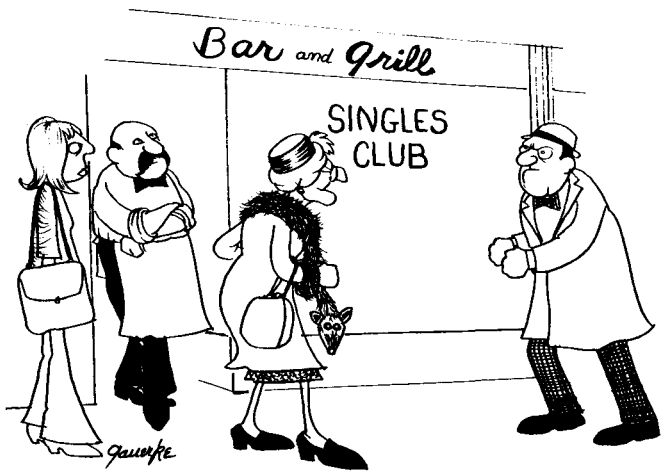
In reviewing the situation in Western Europe, Brezhnev reportedly made the following points: Finland is in the Soviet pocket; Norway remains troublesome, but trends are moving in the right direction; Denmark is no longer a viable element of Western strength; French foreign policy is "Marxist"; trends in Italy are highly favorable; Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik brought about "a miracle" by consolidating previously contested borders.

When the British intelligence report reached Washington in 1973, according to the *Globe*, its importance was denigrated by Secretary of State Kissinger. The first official reference to it did not appear until the 1976 National Intelligence Estimate.

Naturally, various kinds of questions will now be raised about the accuracy of the British report. Even if accurate in substance, moreover, the remarks attributed to Brezhnev might conceivably be dismissed as "campaign" rhetoric," exactly the sort of thing he might be expected to say to such a meeting of apparatchiks in Prague.

However, in reply to such reservations it could be argued that Soviet actions during the period of detente have been fully consistent with Brezhnev's words in Prague. Since 1968, on the NATO-Warsaw Pact front, Soviet divisions have increased from 114 to 168. The number of tanks has increased by 40 per cent to 26,000, three times the strength of NATO armor. The Warsaw Pact now deploys twice as many troops and planes as NATO. The Soviets have developed six new strategic nuclear systems and are reported to have embarked on a crash program to develop a sophisticated antiballistic missile weapon. Soviet-sponsored intervention in Angola has been accompanied by official modifications of the 1968 Brezhnev Doctrine, such modifications tending to *expand* the doctrinal basis for Soviet intervention abroad.

No dispute exists about the *facts* of Soviet behavior cited above, though arguments persist about Soviet intentions. Nevertheless, the trend seems clear enough. In view of all this, it is fair to ask the following question. Just why was the report of Brezhnev's Prague speech kept secret for over three years? And furthermore, is it not odd that, as we go to press, no attention has been paid to the Prague speech by the major media, with the single exception of the *Boston Globe*?



"Just another spat between a consenting adult and a non-consenting adult."

Warnke in Wonderland

In numerous articles and essays, as well as in forthright congressional testimony, Paul Warnke, the Administration's nominee to head the arms control agency and SALT negotiating team, has made his conception of U.S.-Soviet strategic relations quite clear. Warnke's central theme: the two superpowers "ape" one another. Therefore, if the U.S. shows unilateral restraint, the Soviets will do likewise.

Characterizing Warnke's view of the world as "almost engagingly childlike," columnist George Will cites some pertinent facts about past U.S. restraint and the Soviet response to it:

"The United States delayed deploying antiballistic missiles in the hope that this would produce reciprocal restraint in Moscow. *It did not*. In 1967, we had 1,054 land-based ICBM launchers, the Soviet Union had fewer. Today, we have 1,054, the Soviet Union has approximately one thousand six hundred.

"In 1967, the United States had 656 submarine launchers, the Soviet Union had fewer. Today, the United States has 656, the Soviet Union has more than eight hundred.

"Between 1960 and 1976, U.S. strategic arms spending (in real dollars) declined an average of 8 per cent a year; total defense spending has been declining as a percentage of Gross National Product and government outlays. Soviet spending has been increasing and now is twice as large a portion of Soviet GNP as U.S. defense spending is of our GNP.

"In 1965, when Defense Secretary Robert McNamara included Warnke among his advisors, McNamara announced: 'The Soviets have decided that they have lost the quantitative race, and they are not seeking to engage us in that contest.' Now they have emerged quantitatively

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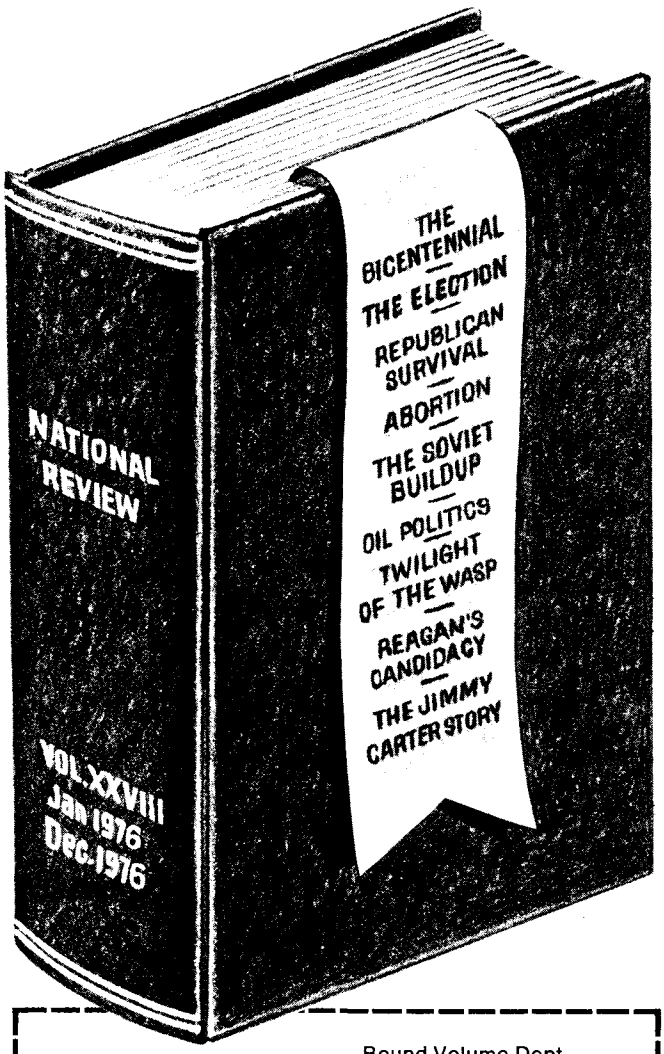

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superior, but Warnke has unshaken—and, it seems, unshakable—faith that unilateral U.S. abandonment of some strategic programs will evoke Soviet restraint.

"So he has opposed Trident submarines, B-1 bombers, cruise missiles, improved missile accuracy, more multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles (MIRVs)—in short, most of what arms negotiations are about. He wants the United States to undertake 'unilateral initiatives'—curtailments—more drastic than the Soviet Union has yet had the audacity to demand."

Warnke's hypothesis, having to do with future Soviet behavior, is by definition untestable in the present. But he asserts, seemingly on grounds of faith, that the Soviets will behave in the future in an entirely different way than they have behaved in the past. Not surprisingly, the nomination appears to be running into trouble in the Senate (see "For the Record"). Conceivably, the confirmation of Warnke, if it comes to pass, could make *more* difficult the conclusion of any SALT treaty with the Soviets, so dubious has the mood in Washington, and particularly in the Senate, become regarding this nominee. That President Carter has put his prestige behind the nomination, however, and apparently associated himself with Warnke's views, provides ample grounds for chilling reflection.

Hustler and Freedom

The conviction and prompt jailing of Larry Flynt, editor and publisher of the sex magazine *Hustler*, represents the latest phase in the complex process by which legislatures and courts have been attempting to reconcile the competing claims of decency and freedom. Elsewhere, for example, zoning laws have been employed in an effort to clean up such crime-ridden porno-prostitution areas as Times Square, again raising the issue of several kinds of competing claims.

In recent years, of course, we have witnessed a much more sweeping interpretation of the First Amendment, plus an explosion of pluralism regarding manners and morals. At the same time, a kind of consensus has been developing that limits of some kind must be established, and so we have had, among other measures, the Supreme Court's 1973 ruling on pornography.

The case of Flynt and *Hustler* points to some serious weaknesses and ambiguities in that decision. The Court allowed "communities" or "localities," neither term defined, to set their own standards regarding what is "patently offensive." It seems reasonable to suppose that the Court intended to permit such "communities" and "localities" to protect themselves from a public inundation of filth. But the language of the 1973 decision did not specify the means for so doing. It thus left the way open for a total ban. The tough statutes used against Flynt in Cincinnati take advantage of the opening provided by the Court.

Implicit in the language of the Court, however, is a distinction between the public and the private realms. The "patently offensive" language might describe the community's perception of *Hustler*; it obviously would not describe the judgment passed by the individual who purchased a copy or subscribed to the magazine.

Obviously that Court will now be obliged to spell out its intentions with much greater clarity. On the one hand, a "community" or "locality" should be able, if it so desires, to regulate the character of public displays. On the other hand, the total ban made possible by the 1973 language and implemented in Cincinnati represents an unacceptable extension of official power. Between total permissiveness and total ban the Court will now have to stake out grounds on which the competing claims can be compromised.

Painful as it may be for Mr. Flynt, this is precisely the way in which the Constitution is supposed to operate. In this area, government by the "deliberate sense" of the people appears at last to be operating.

Free Money

Last September, Congress provided another $2 billion for state and local projects that are ostensibly designed to create jobs. Proving once again that the demand for free money is very high, there are already some 25,000 applications totaling almost $22 billion more than Congress has provided. There are some suggestions that this indicates that the supply of federal funds should rise to meet the demand.

The way the program works, the higher the unemployment rate and the lower the average income in an area, the better the chance of extracting these federal dollars from the rest of the country. There are many proven devices that local politicians can use to get unemployment up and income down. High state and local taxes are very effective in this respect, as are lavish welfare and unemployment benefits. There are other promising innovations, ranging from rent control and insurmountable environmental restrictions to high local minimum-wage laws and archaic building codes. It seems a little strange to subsidize such policies, but maybe it has something to do with the fact that those with low incomes or without jobs have often exhibited a suicidal impulse to vote Democratic. The more poor and unemployed, the more Democratic votes.

Environmental Economics

The Council on Environmental Quality has rediscovered the free lunch. A CEQ study claims that environmental regulations have increased employment and real output. Since 1970, some 17,600 workers have lost their jobs when plants were closed for environmental reasons. But 400,000 were employed in pollution-control work, says the CEQ, for a net gain of 382,400. Together with the

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goods and services associated with the clean-up, the CEQ figures that national output was $1.5 billion higher than otherwise.

The main fallacy here is to look only at plant closings rather than at the plants that were never built because of environmental expenses. And the study ignores the *cost* of employing those 400,000 people in pollution control—namely, the things that might otherwise be produced by their labor and by the capital equipment they use. Diverting capital and labor into environmental clean-up reduces the economy's capacity to produce marketable goods and services. For any given volume of total spending, that means more money chasing fewer goods—and therefore more inflation.

Productive resources—labor, machinery, and raw materials—are scarce. The more resources devoted to one use, the less available for other uses. A recent Brookings Institution study by Allen Kneese and Charles Schultze estimates that the cost of meeting existing standards for air and water quality will total $500 billion by the early 1980s. Clean air and water certainly have value, but we still need to ask whether we are getting a dollar's worth of improvement for a dollar of cost.

Good to the Last Drip

The surge in coffee prices is being greeted by the usual Quixotic proposals and paranoid investigations. Switching to cocoa and tea, for example, will just drive those prices up. If the purpose of a boycott is to bring coffee prices down so that people can afford to buy more, then coffee would go back up as soon as people started buying again.

The basic problem is, of course, bad weather and political turmoil in coffee-producing countries, combined with the unpleasant fact that it takes four years to grow a coffee crop. Brazil's increase in the export tax amounts to only about 39 cents a pound, partly absorbed by Brazilian exporters, and it is certainly much kinder than our own 1973 embargo on scarce soybeans (which induced Brazilian farmers to switch from coffee to soybean production).

From 1956 to 1967, the trend in world coffee prices was downward. Petroleum too did not keep up with other prices. Academic economists and assorted global thinkers then convinced many developing countries to switch resources out of such unpromising raw materials into grandiose projects like building steel mills. Coffee and petroleum were 91 per cent of Colombia's exports in 1948-50—a terrible dependency on such unpromising commodities. So Colombia used subsidies to promote cotton farming, and tariffs to promote high-cost manufacturing. Price controls keep oil prices down for Colombian consumers, but have nearly halted oil exploration and development. One lesson may be that developing countries should not take academic economic theories as apodictic truths.

To Helsinki, With Love

The conventional wisdom, including NATIONAL REVIEW's, was that the Soviet Union would sign the Basket Three provisions of the Helsinki Accords, which guaranteed certain civil rights to the citizens of Eastern Europe, because it had nothing to lose by doing so, and a great deal to gain. What the USSR would gain would be formal world approval to the post-World War II territorial grab in Eastern Europe by the Soviet Union and its satellites, the seizure by Russia of German and Polish territory, the seizure by Poland of yet more German territory, and the establishment of a satellite Communist Peoples Republic in East Germany. In return, Moscow would give lip-service to the kind of orotund statements on the freedom and rights of the individual that carom from wall to wall of the United Nations General Assembly every year, meaning absolutely nothing.

So the deed was done. Then something happened that none of the negotiators had thought of. The oppressed peoples of the Eastern empire took the words of Helsinki to heart, and commenced to act upon them. The dissident movement in Russia itself, in its latest phase, dates back to the time of Khrushchev, but stern measures in East Berlin in 1953, in Hungary in '56, in Czechoslovakia in '68 had quenched the flames in the satellites. But now they're burning hot: in East Germany, in Poland, with Charter 77 in Czechoslovakia, in Yugoslavia, even in harshly regimented and terribly isolated Rumania, men and women are signing petitions, demonstrating in the streets, actively protesting governmental infringements of their rights. And they are invoking the Helsinki Accords as their new Magna Carta.

The answer has been arrests in all the countries concerned. Men and women have been stripped of their jobs, of their memberships in professional guilds, of their passports. Western reporters have been harassed, searched, held incommunicado, and at least one of them expelled. But the protests continue and in Eastern Europe today, the spirit of Helsinki is, like the voice of the turtle, heard in the land.

Rare Fish

In his first fireside chat, Jimmy Carter said that "one of our most urgent projects is to develop a national energy policy. . . . I realize that many of you have not believed that we really have an energy problem. . . . On April 20 we will have completed the planning for our energy program and will immediately then ask the Congress for its help in enacting responsible legislation. Our program will emphasize conservation . . ."

At almost the same moment, a U.S. Court of Appeals stopped work on a 90 per cent finished TVA dam near Knoxville, Tennessee, because it would endanger the habitat of a three-inch-long minnow on the endangered species

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list. The fish, called the snail darter, was only discovered in 1973 and its range is restricted to a river the dam would make into a lake. The dam could have generated 200 billion kilowatt hours of electricity a year—what 14 million gallons of oil would otherwise be needed for. There are three ways out of this impasse: the TVA can ask the Supreme Court to override the decision; it can try to get the dam exempted from the Endangered Species Act; or it can, more imaginatively, have the snail darter removed from the endangered species list. It can even move the snail darter elsewhere, perhaps. But perhaps it better wait until April 20.

Laureate Blues

In days of disillusion,
However low we've been,
To fire us and inspire us,
God gave to us our Queen.

—Sir John Betjeman, "Jubilee Hymn"

The poetaster Betjeman
Isn't sounding too inspired;
His verses hardly fetch a man.
Can a Laureate be fired?

Shall old Westminster Abbey
His bones one day receive,
When his verses are so flabby?
Won't Dryden up and leave?

Won't Wordsworth stir in protest?
Won't Tennyson depart?
Won't Jonson burn his hottest
At this affront to art?

He's a fine old bloke, Sir John is,
But his poesy's gone to hell.
Of his stanzas every one is
A disgrace to doggerell.

—Sir Joseph MacFlecknoe, "The Muse Doth Protest"

Colm Brogan, R I P

Someone wrote about Colm Brogan years ago, after his masterpiece on the Attlee Government was published (*Our New Masters*, 1947), that "in that nest of conversational adders, the West of Scotland, he has the most searing tongue." That was hard to deny, but as hard to deny the benevolence of his spirit, the depth of his concern for human values, his loyalty to the whole idea that man was not born merely to eat drink fornicate and receive cradle-to-grave insurance from the government. Far from being Tory-bred, he was the son of a tailor in Glasgow, one of four gifted sons, the eldest of whom, Denis Brogan, achieved distinction as an historian, and somewhere along the way was knighted. After he died, his brother Colm wrote gratefully to a friend that his brother had returned to the church (Catholic) of his fathers. Colm went to a Jesuit school, then to Glasgow University where he read English and the classics, and boxed with the university team. He went off then to teach at boys' schools, began writing for a schoolmasters' journal, was spotted by the Glasgow papers, and in due course landed in London, where soon he was acknowledged as one of the foremost pamphleteers of his generation.

His speech was so perversely accented, his American friends, at least, found it painfully difficult to understand him when in his company, which was always buoyant. He was spare, red-headed until he turned grey, heavily dependent on his beloved wife (who died in 1967), and subsequently on his two daughters. But he never stopped writing, and his letters were as naturally polished, witty, and entertaining as his articles. It could be said of him that he never ceased to express himself. He was an ongoing alembic, among the best there was, transcribing the British scene especially, but also the world scene.

He was modest, but also aware that he hardly passed unnoticed. He reviewed the first installment of Evelyn Waugh's diaries four years ago. Others had worried out loud whether they would be mentioned in the diaries, and if so, how. "My mind was untroubled by surmise when *The Observer* announced the serialization of extracts from the diary of Evelyn Waugh. I had unbounded admiration for Waugh as a writer and I knew him fairly well, but not well enough to make it likely that he would waste any words on me. I was wrong. In, I think, the fifth installment Waugh talked of going to a public dinner with Graham Greene and wrote these words, which I would like to have carved in marble or cast in bronze or loudly proclaimed with an accompanying flourish from the Queen's trumpeter: 'Colm Brogan joined us.' "

Those diaries reminded Brogan, who could be wonderfully indulgent, of the lackadaisical attitude of many of Britain's illustrious men toward academic chores. "One gets the dizzy impression [on reading Waugh's diaries] that many of the undergraduates counted sobriety as a short interval to gather strength for the next bout of boozing. If you ask how they ever got any work done, the answer in Waugh's case is simple. He didn't." Alec Douglas-Home, a considerable, though never unleavened, enthusiasm of Brogan's, fared a little better. "At Oxford, he missed his cricketing Blue, which must have been a disappointment, but he may have found some consolation in the Third that he got in his Finals. This may not sound very impressive, but his eccentric father was rusticated from Oxford for failing his examination altogether, and by a most happy coincidence the same fate befell Sir Alec's son the week that he became Prime Minister.

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If Alec did not quite qualify for a fellowship of All Souls, at least he considerably improved on the family average."

He was always attracted to spirit, and when he saw it at work, however odd the circumstance, he celebrated it joyously. He wrote now about the curious career of Home's brother, the playwright who had two huge successes, and then, then . . . *Aunt Edwina.*

"Of this effort it may be enough to say that *Aunt Edwina* has become the trade name for any play of unadulterated corn. The gallery kept up a fusillade of booing and shouting, but when the final curtain fell on the first night, the author stepped forward and fired back at the gallery. It was widely admitted that he got much the better of the exchanges. The same thing happened every night. When the last curtain fell, the dauntless author appeared behind the footlights and hurled defiance at critics and audience alike. He spent all the money he made from his previous successes to take *Aunt Edwina* from theater to theater. He even sold his car to raise funds. The good ship *Aunt Edwina* finally sank in a theater in Croydon, but she went down with flags flying and guns blazing. On the last night, as on the first night, the author took his very militant bow."

Brogan was wonderfully understanding of human failings, but rigorous in the upholding of standards. His own were loyalty to his ideals, and unflagging effort. His work got harder. Waugh once suggested to Graham Greene that he write Brogan into the plot of one of his novels. Greene replied, "Brogan's no good to me. He'll never end in seedy decay." "Little did he know," Brogan wrote us as long ago as 1973. "If he could see me now hobbling in a walking frame and boasting feebly of my mention in the diary, just like a Graham Greene character, I am sure he would agree that I am ripe for the treatment."

"This is to inform you," he began his last piece, twenty years after his first for us, "that I am a physical wreck—a write-off, junk, *foutu*, and *spurlos versenkt*, worth about two cents (Confederate). In the last decade I have suffered a series of health catastrophes so numerous and so varied that I am inclined to rate Job as little better than a peevish hypochondriac." And then? And then two thousand words of classic Brogan, a pastiche of recent events in Great Britain which brought the pathologist-author to the conclusion that his society was deeply ill. He concluded, "I am finishing this task, or, rather, leaving it unfinished, because I am writing with an arm that has been three times broken. Anyway, tomorrow is my 74th birthday. I repeat the question, *Cecidit, cecidit Britannia illa*—what? I can't find a word to fill the blank adequately. But *illa* reminds me of something. *Dies irae, dies illa.*" One week later, Colm Brogan, with characteristic noblesse oblige, predeceased his country. He went down with flags flying and guns blazing, and on his last appearance in this journal, he took his very militant bow. —WFB

For Cyrus Vance

Granted, races come and go—
Sometimes swiftly as the snow.
Mongol did his dirty work,
Followed by the beastly Turk.
If it turns you on to say
Cecil Rhodes has had his day,
And that Englishman and Boer
Face the fate of Singapore,
Please don't drape yourself in crepe
When the Reds control the Cape.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

What started me writing this letter was the discovery of a trivial error in your book *Airborne*, which I would not bother calling to the attention of someone less devoted to precision than you are. On page 164 you refer to the star Aries. Actually, Aries is a constellation, and the "celestial body" referred to is the First Point of Aries, the position of the sun in the sky at the vernal equinox, so called because when the constellations were invented several thousand years ago the equinox coincided with the sun's entry into Aries. The precession of the equinoxes has shifted this point since, so that the First Point of Aries is now in the constellation Pisces and will soon move into Aquarius, explaining the origin of the phrase, "the age of Aquarius."

Your excellent explanation of celestial navigation for the reader ignorant of astronomy reminded me of the minor controversy some time back in NATIONAL REVIEW over the correct form of Maxwell's Equations. To me it seemed very strange then that a group of highly educated and aware people should not be aware of or appreciate the significance of the Equations. In physics, the name of Maxwell ranks with those of Newton and Einstein; the Equations are four of the dozen or so formulas that describe the fundamental behavior of the Universe. Yet, NATIONAL REVIEW came up with their correct form only after three tries.

You will recognize in the above C. P. Snow's familiar point about the two cultures. His point was sociological; mine is spiritual. I have always felt that my perception of the world was greatly enriched by my knowledge of the physical and mathematical structure behind it; and I have felt that those lacking this understanding were blind in one eye, so to speak. Perhaps you have similar

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feelings about those who, like me, find Beethoven nice listening but no great thrill.

Well, life is too short to learn everything, and I have more or less accepted that I will never speak a foreign language fluently, finish Gibbon, or understand General Relativity. Everyone has a similar list, and perhaps calculus and electromagnetic theory are on yours. But the next time some young man or woman asks your advice on what to study, consider mathematics and physics as well as English, government, and philosophy. To me at least they all seem equally mind-expanding.

Best wishes for the New Year,
Park Chamberlain Jr.
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Dear Bill:

The proposal by W. M. Woods in your February 4 issue seems to be a valuable one, and it has inspired me to make another. It would take only a simple act of Congress and would, I think, have very considerable beneficial effects.

Under my proposal, Congress would provide that the Treasury (or the Council of Economic Advisors or anyone else we wish) should make up an estimate of the total taxes paid by each citizen in the United States. Since many of the taxes are indirect, this estimate would, of necessity, be only an approximation, but a fairly good approximation could be made. Further, if the Treasury underestimated the tax to one citizen, it would have to overestimate the tax to another in order to make the total come out properly. This estimate would then be mailed, in the form of a computer printout, to each citizen along with his income tax forms in January of each year. If the Treasury wished, of course, we could have a separate mailing at the end of the fiscal year instead of at the end of the calendar year, but it does not seem that this would make very much difference. This proposal has the advantage that it's very hard to argue against it, it would cost very little, would surely improve public information, and that it would probably have quite a considerable effect on the size of the budget in the long run.

The Woods proposal, by the way, could be altered slightly in order to make it more readily acceptable. Instead of having the individual donor actually send his checks to the recipient, he could simply pay his taxes as he now does and receive, in the form of a computer printout, a statement that he was, let us say, paying 7.5 per cent of the relief payments to Mrs. Smith and her four children who live not too far from him. This would probably have almost the same effect as actually sending the checks, and it would involve less in the way of institutional change.

Sincerely,
Gordon Tullock
University Distinguished Professor
Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Blacksburg, Virginia

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Concerning your issue of January 21: I turned from the letters column deeply saddened. If, as Mr. Bryan F. Griffin claims, one of the principles "forming the basis of our otherwise uncertain civilization" is to not laugh at the *National Lampoon*, then my efforts have been as useless as they often seem after too much dry Italian vermouth.

Every day, all day long, I am confronted by a staff made up largely of fuzzy-minded one-worlders, parlor pinks, peace creeps, and radical lesbians against the air war in Cambodia. An appalling lot whose Bolshie tint permeates the magazine, I know. And every day I give battle to their black-hearted Commie slanders. Of course, I am frequently overwhelmed by this red tide of groupthink, but at least I have sufficient editorial seniority to occasionally drive my point home. Sir, I take every opportunity to attack the slime mold of regulation engulfing our society, to vivisect the I-Won't-Workers, and to heap calumny upon "Safety Nazis" and members of the "Wives and Mothers League to Combat Fun" (including, I must say, such fission-chickens as your Mr. Griffin). You will find no Mao-mouthers in the "Letters from the Editors" column, which I edit. And my "Carter Family" column is, I think, a fit voice for all of us who believe that God, guts, and guns are what made this country great.

Is it all to no avail? I could stand (and have, and do) to be told that nothing in the *National Lampoon* is funny. But to hear it proposed that not laughing at anything which appears there is a basic principle of civilization? And this from a person who cannot spell his own first name? It is too much.

Yours truly,
P. J. O'Rourke
Managing Editor
National Lampoon
New York

Dear Mr. O'Rourke: You must recognize that too much is our *specialty*. Thank you for your splendid letter.
Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have just finished reading your new book. It's a wonderful bit of writing, and I have been *inspired*—as soon as the weather allows, I plan to sail across my neighbor's swimming pool, armed with an ample supply of tequila and lemons. If I should manage to reach the other side, I may go on to bigger things one day: say, a three-day sortie across Lake Sam Rayburn. (Two and a half days to prepare for it, and four hours to cross it!)

Cordially,
Tom Tyler III
Dickinson, Texas

Dear Mr. Tyler: Happy sailing. And don't forget to file a flight plan. Cordially, **—WFB**

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NBC: Kremlin Megaphone

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

So NBC has pushed ahead of the other eager volunteers and signed up to supply and man the TV complex that will transmit the 1980 Soviet propaganda spectacular to the world audience. With the help, as is so frequent in these big Soviet deals, of a mysterious stranger (this time a German, with a name—Lothar P. Bock—like an alias in a Grade B spy thriller) who has a magic key that opens the relevant Kremlin door. ("The Russians have tremendous respect for loyalty," he commented to an interviewer the other day.) Naturally Lothar expects, in the ancient tradition, that you will cross his palm for the service rendered. NBC evidently thought a front-end million plus several millions more in gobbets to come a reasonable *trinkgelt*. And don't start mumbling something about Lockheed or ITT in this the Carterian Age of post-Watergate morality.

You can never tell with a chap like Lothar. He handled Brezhnev without much trouble. Maybe now he'll bring in Leni Riefenstahl and Albert Speer as special consultants. They did a terrific job with the architectural, visual, and dramatic side of the 1936 Olympics, and would doubtless have a number of pointers for the younger generation.

Granted, it won't be easy to beat that 1936 show: the opening procession, ten miles down the boulevard (named Via Triumphalis for the occasion), between the straight lines of 40,000 Brownshirts; Hitler radiant between the two Olympic officials leading the way through the tunnel into the new stadium designed by Speer—the largest ever to that time; the great orchestra and 3,000-voice choir, led by Richard Strauss, that began with "Deutschland über Alles," followed by the "Horst Wessel Lied" and then the new Olympic Hymn that Strauss had composed. The Berlin the visitors saw was splendid that summer. Not a single antisemitic poster anywhere, not an antisemitic magazine or paper in the kiosks—not a single copy of Streicher's *Der Stürmer*. Jewish athletes like the fencer Helene Mayer and the hockey star Rudi Bell in the German squad. The well-functioning Olympic Village built and organized by Wolfgang Fürstner, another Jew. And, happily, a triumph in the games also for the thoughtful hosts: the Germans won most gold, most silver, and most bronze medals, ending 57 points ahead of the second-place Americans.

The Bottom Line

"More important," John Toland adds in his biography of Hitler, "many of the visitors"—more precisely, a large majority of them, including most of the diplomatic and other official guests—"left Germany pleased by their hosts' cordiality and impressed by what they had seen of Hitler's Reich. The success of the games was further enhanced by a two-part documentary filmed by Leni Riefenstahl that won world-wide acclaim."

NBC really has something to shoot at.

The Soviet media have not hidden the fact that the Kremlin regards the 1980 Olympics as the richest propaganda bonanza it has ever struck. Already preliminary directives have been issued not only on the obvious logistics (athletic facilities, lodging, transport, etc.) but on such correlated projects as sightseeing tours for the tens of thousands of visitors. It goes without saying that the intensive moulding of robotized Communist athletes—about which considerable has been written lately—has been stepped up to assure the triumph of the progressive forces over the decayed agents of Western imperialism.

In the era of electronic warfare, however, the Kremlin understands that global television is the decisive factor for Project Olympics. When NBC leapt into its net, the Kremlin figured that problem was solved.

It won't be necessary to spell out Soviet control over what goes through to the global screen. The Nazis didn't need to spell it out for the journalists and radio broadcasters in 1936. Things will just work out, in 1980 Moscow as in 1936 Berlin. There won't be local-color coverage of long lines of ill-clad persons outside shabby stores because, for one thing, there won't be conveniently located long lines in Moscow next August. Dissidents won't be among the interviewees, because the dissidents will be elsewhere. And if one of them did manage to get in touch with an NBC person, well, it won't be appropriate to put him on: after all, this is a joyous athletic event, not a political debate, and, well, we've got an awful lot riding on this, and there's no use stirring up trouble. . . . If one of those Olympic flaps occurs, it wouldn't be polite to present a version the hosts would greatly object to, now would it? And make one guess as to how many items displeasing to the Kremlin will be stressed in NBC programs between now and August 1980.

NBC has gone way beyond the old selling-them-the-rope-to-hang-us-with routine. NBC is paying them oodles for agreeing to accept the rope. Not just money. NBC is giving them—for keeps—its most sophisticated apparatus and equipment for global broadcasts, which the Soviets now lack. And NBC is supplying, for keeps, the expertise that will be absorbed from the scores and then hundreds of NBC engineers, technicians, and producers who will man this mission to Moscow.

The Better to Bury You

Without top-grade global TV broadcasting, the Olympic games would be no use to the Soviets. This they are not capable of handling themselves. Even if they could jack up their equipment, techniques, and production methods and do the TV job on their own, the fact of their open control would provoke enough skepticism in the global audience to ruin the propaganda effect. The Soviets need both the improved TV system and a non-Soviet cover. NBC is supplying both.

Suppose no Western communications company had bid a cent for the broadcasting operation. In no time the Soviets would have been begging somebody to take over, and offering plenty of both money and guarantees to whoever would do so.

Donald Rumsfeld, then Defense Secretary, reported in January that Soviet military expenditures in 1976 were 42 per cent more than ours.

Detente, it's wonderful! □

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MAOISM IS DEAD

FRANCIS B. RANDALL

SEVERAL WORLDS ago I had the astonishing good fortune to be one of the first twenty Americans allowed into Russia after Stalin's death. I have now just returned from a journey to China that began about a month after Mao died. Everything was the same and everything was different.

Both trips were Philosophical Voyages, on which the traveler must be gripped by his encounter with the most alien societies on the planet, and with his own inmost values. Old Russia and Old China were both glorious, insofar as they survived, and both tragic in their ruin. And Communism? What can one say? It was and is simultaneously a wonder, a horror, and a farce—and no part of that paradox can ever be argued away. And the future of Communism? When Stalin died that question was the life and death of the whole world. It may still be the greatest question. But I think I saw the end of the Chinese Revolution.

After forty years of yearning to go to China, Marco Polo's, Ibn Battuta's, and every traveler's ultimate dream, I walked across the little bridge at Shumchun, north of Hong Kong, and entered the forbidden empire on the other side of the world—and I had the overwhelming feeling that I had been there before. The neatly manicured rice paddies of Kwangtung outside the immigration halls were quite different from the gloomy pickle marshes that greeted me near Leningrad a generation earlier, but everything that the Communists had done was almost identical.

The bureaucratic buildings were of the same greyish, Romanish, Stalinist style. The rooms were plastered and pine-floored in the same way, with the same tall, dirty windows, hung with the same coarse lace curtains, while the same Victorian Stalinist furniture was decorated with the same coarse lace doilies, and the lampshades were similarly fringed. Quite similar edifying slogans of the Communist gods were presented in the same carved, gilded letters (or characters) on the same red boards. And the gods themselves, Marx, Engels, Lenin, and the deeply beloved Stalin, joined in China, of course, by the supreme god, Mao, glared down from the same three-quarter-face busts in the same frames. And after quite similar bureaucratic formalities—nowhere near so grueling as we had expected—including the removal of our precious passports for days at a time, we were fed, in very different cuisines, a similarly cold, greasy, and abominable Communist lunch.

Any traveler familiar with the Russia that Stalin made would recognize a thousand specifically Russian Communist cultural traits taken over by the Chinese Communists and universally imposed until they have become unconscious habits. For instance, the Russian custom of applauding performers, visitors, etc., and having them applaud back; the whole complex of ways of arranging reception desks, service desks, and floor desks in hotels; the entire routine in stores: displaying goods, selecting them for purchase, registering the payment, and wrapping the packages; the trains, without evil capitalist class distinctions but with "hard" cars with wooden benches for the common people and "soft" cars with Victorian train luxury for privileged Communists and foreigners.

This enormous, complex, interrelated set of institutions and customs of Stalinist culture is recognizable common ground throughout the Communist world. There has been erosion and evolution away from it in Eastern Europe and even in Russia, but this is the baseline from which Revisionist Communists evolve. In China these folkways remain pure.

BUT IS CHINA (was Russia) the True Paradise or one vast slave camp? Can any traveler, carefully herded by innumerable agents of a huge Communist bureaucracy practiced for decades in the bamboozling and propagandizing of foreign innocents, succeed in breaking through to "the real Russia" ("the real China")? (I gratefully remember my own guides—you, Elena, and you, Tamara, you, Mr. Ch'en, and you, Miss T'ang, all more bamboozled against than bamboozling, who arranged, guided, lectured, and scolded me so patiently, and who worked so mightily to gain so many of my requests from your own maddening bureaucracies.)

Yes, a traveler can. Communists are born with an unusually strong dose of the common human urge to keep visitors from seeing "negative" features of their homes and homelands. But Communists can at most build Potemkin villages, not Potemkin Moscows and not Potemkin Chinas. One can't do everything. When I noticed after Stalin's

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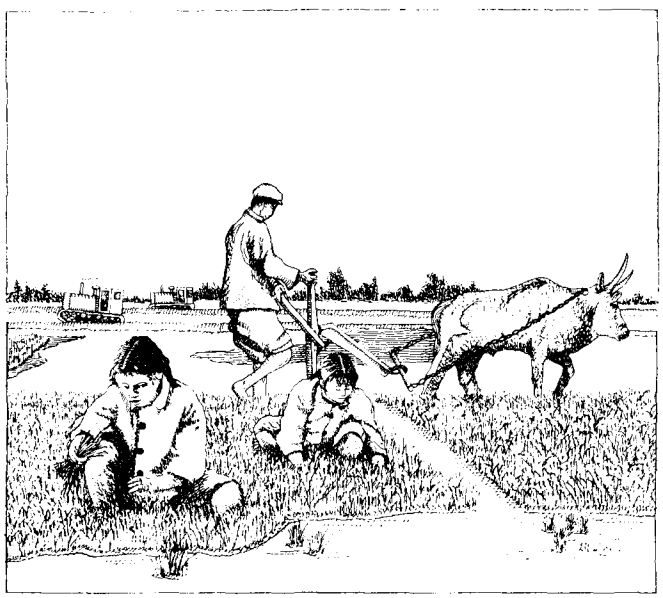
death that our guides took us only around western Moscow, which was, Lord knows, poor enough, I simply walked over to eastern Moscow—no one stopped me— to see the ghastly slums in which most Muscovites lived. And *all* Chinese streets, off the main show boulevards, are scenes of Asian poverty that makes Moscow seem like Bronxville.

I have now traveled from end to end of China. I know they have lots of tractors—I've seen them being made in an East-Is-Red tractor factory. But they are clearly too precious to use very often. In one commune in Honan I saw two tractors leveling the ground on one lot, breaking an otherwise perfect record of thrillingly beautiful agrarian landscapes peopled by peasants out of Sung paintings bent double over rice, millet, or cabbages, men hauling immense loads, women staggering under the great weight of two baskets hanging from yokes across their bent necks. If they let you into their countries at all, Communists cannot herd and bamboozle you away from seeing how their serfs live. Scholars may argue whether the Chinese peasants now eat more or less than they did in 1937, but China really is a horribly poor Asian country, about on the level of Java, in which I had traveled the month before.

If poverty is a horror (and the Communists, after all, did not invent poverty in Russia and China), foreign visitors are relieved by plenty of farce. It was side-splitting to hear grown men and women repeating all over the Soviet Union, "As the great Stalin, genius leader of the peoples of humanity, taught . . ." followed by some manifest falsehood or blithering cliché. It is very hard to keep from exploding with giggles when adult Chinese recite, in every heavy industrial plant, "Chairman Mao says, 'Iron and steel are the heart of our metallurgical industry.' " In every commune, "Chairman Mao says, 'Take grain as the key link in agriculture.' " Anywhere in the Yellow River provinces, "Chairman Mao says, 'Do everything connected with the Yellow River with care.' " Apropos of anything, "Chairman Mao says, 'We must learn to walk on our own two feet.' " Apropos of nothing, "Chairman Mao says, 'Take class struggle as the key link.' " "We increased production in this factory threefold by arming the workers with Chairman Mao's Thought." "Young people in China do not engage in premarital sex because they study Chairman Mao's Thought." Chairman Mao says, war is peace. Chairman Mao says, Queen Anne is dead.



Even more ludicrous are the passing political campaigns, whose slogans are mouthed with unbelievable intensity for some fleeting period. My group kept hearing, in factories, schools, women's meetings, railroad stations, and even in Buddhist caves, "The important tasks confronting the Chinese people [workers, students, women, or whatever] are to deepen criticism of Teng Hsiao-p'ing's reactionary attempts to reverse the correct decisions of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, to rejoice in the frustration of the plots of the Anti-Party Gang of Four in Shanghai, namely Chiang Ch'ing, Chang Ch'un-ch'iao, Wang Hung-wen and Yao Wen-yuan, and warmly to congratulate Chairman Hua Kuo-feng on his assumption of the Party Chairmanship, the Premiership, and the Chairmanship of the People's Military Commission."

My weary companion asked, at the 12th primary school, "Do any children ever question the Thought of Chairman Mao?" The answer was, "All the children love Mao and are always asking questions about his Thought."

This was quite a mouthful of a slogan to repeat syllable by syllable all over China! So the effect was hysterically goofy. But that was a few weeks ago; the line has changed again; I hear that nobody criticizes Teng Hsiao-p'ing any more; he is coming back, again, and soon they will all be warmly congratulating him on his assumption of blah blah blah blah blah, again.

It is always wrenching to hear children, cute as buttons, singing of their great love for Stalin, Hitler, or Mao—and children *always* obediently and sincerely sing of their great love for the reigning monster. The Communists themselves are so immersed in their system that they seemed to have no idea of the effect this flood of nonsense has on foreign visitors, even after my weary companion asked, at the 12th primary school, "Do any children ever question the Thought of Chairman Mao?" The answer was, "All the children love Chairman Mao and are always asking questions about his Thought."

Yet this babble has its uses. Every so often Mao seems to have stumbled on a rather nice Thought—"There is no reason why women cannot hold up half the sky!" And it is the basis of the great science of Pekinology. Unlike Russia at Stalin's death, China is not a fantastically centralized state bound together by massive police terror. Mao smashed all that when he returned to power on the backs of the Kids in 1966. China is rather an alliance of semi-independent provinces and cities, which have great latitude in following or modifying the fluctuating lines from Peking. Everyone we met alleged to be rejoicing at the frustration of the plots of the Anti-Party Gang of Four, but the silence in Siichow city and Honan province about the reactionary attempts of

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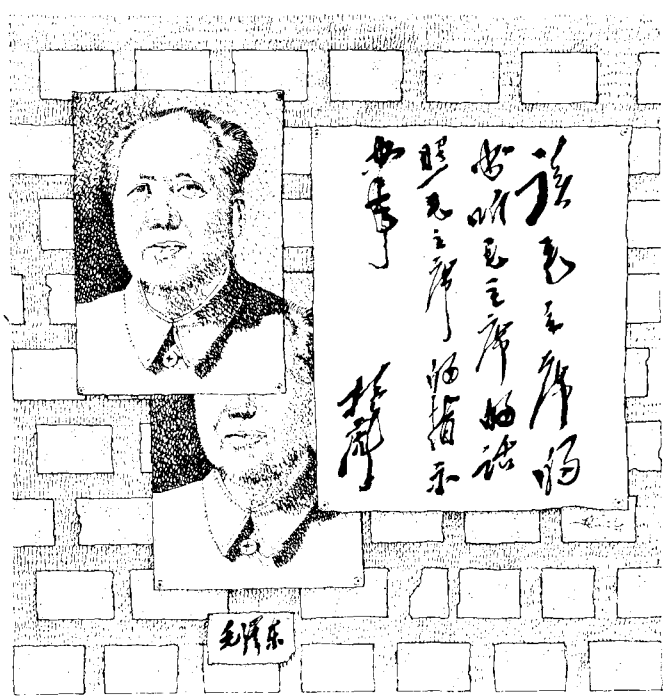
Teng Hsiao-p'ing was thunderous. Canton, Shanghai, and Peking claimed to be outraged by the treachery of Liu Shao-ch'i's attempt to restore capitalism, and lambasted 1949-1966 more than any other period in Chinese history. This proclaimed support for the main line of Mao's Cultural Revolution. But in Süchow and Honan they were far more concerned with the campaign against Lin Piao and Confucius, which is a distinct sign of second thoughts about the Cultural Revolution. The sheer number of icons of Mao, funeral displays of Mao, quotations from Mao on the walls, and quotations from Mao in our hosts' mouths was a good index of local Maoism. When silk embroidery factories in Süchow and jade factories in Honan's capital, Chengchow, displayed Mao's picture only in darkened and dusty side halls, and quoted him only to the effect that "We should inherit China's fine cultural traditions," we brilliantly deduced that these areas were not hotbeds of proletarian leftism.

But enough of such imbalanced, obsolete, moralistic anti-Communism left over from the cold war! Russia and China were and are wonderful places! In spite of heroic Communist efforts to industrialize and destroy their countries, the air is still clear outside the big cities. The green world of the villages is still the green world of the villages. One can lift up one's eyes to the hills, whence cometh the silt.

The Chinese have always impressed foreigners as disciplined and self-contained people who carry themselves precisely; I saw no *schlemiels* in China. But all over China, crowds surrounded our group, peered through fences at us in smiling wonder, applauded us when we stopped to look at them, stopped theatrical performances as we entered and left to their applause. Total strangers—very strange indeed—found me the right buses in spite of no common language, ladies who looked eighty years old offered me their seats when I got on the comically jammed buses. I have seen much anti-Americanism in the world, deserved and undeserved, but never a trace of either from the Russian or Chinese people.



Russia then and China now threatened the foreigner with no possibility of any crime, though judging by the omnipresent locks on China's omnipresent bicycles, things are a little different if you live there. Students rise when their teachers, or guests, enter the classrooms. People everywhere, even young men, are neither insolent nor obsequious, but, in a real sense of the word, democratically polite.

No one struts, no one lounges. There are hundreds of millions of children, but no other evidence that sex exists. All women are modest in speech, dress, and carriage. So

China really is Sinocentric. Perhaps our experience was extreme, but no one of any station volunteered any question about anything abroad, not, I am sure, because such interest was dangerous, but because it wasn't there

are all men. There are no naked women on billboards, no porno movie houses, no massage parlors. No one knows he is supposed to hate his parents and lead his own life. The Chinese don't hand out contraceptives to unmarried people. They explain, with puzzled giggles, that they have no need of them, being unmarried. . . . No one is *decadent*! Bless my long grey Victorian beard, the place can't be real! This, too, is part of what Communism hath wrought.

It must be very uncomfortable to live in a society of stern, primitive, Spartan virtues. But if you start from *our* huge pile of wealth and rot, it is just those stern virtues, softened by the amazing, universal, disinterested friendliness, that constitute the attractiveness of Communist countries. Can such attractiveness exist in a free country? The question is too terrible to ask.

Yes, it was all the same in Stalin's Russia and Mao's China, to the eye, to the divided mind, to the torn conscience—the horror and the wonder. And everything was different too.

Old Russia and Old China were surprisingly different cultures, with little in common save great size and great monarchies. There are no onion domes in the rice paddies and no dragons in the Kremlin. One extremely important difference manifests itself immediately. The Russians, cut off from foreigners by Stalin for a generation, were fascinated, obsessed by the West and anything we had to bring or tell of it. Their endless questions about our politics, institutions, and personal lives were perforce naïve, but persistent. Already at Stalin's death they were beginning to show that infinite hunger for Western consumer goods and Western mass culture that has since burst through the Iron Curtain and swept it away.

But China really is Sinocentric. Perhaps our experience was extreme, but no one of any station volunteered any question about anything abroad, not, I am convinced, because such interest was dangerous, but because it wasn't there. No questions of any sort about who we were, where we were from, what we did at home, why we had come, or

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what we thought about China or anything. I could get fine conversations going about the Chinese tonal system, or the T'ang Dynasty, but not about most of the world. And it is true: most Chinese have never been told that men have gone to the moon. When I told people, there was no real interest, because—I think—it was only foreigners who have gone there.

Another striking difference has to do with the minor nationalities. They are over half the Soviet population and are numerous in all Russian cities. Everyone you meet is conscious of them. A high proportion of politics, social intercourse, gossip, and joking involves people's nationality. You don't go far in the Soviet Union without hearing about the troubles of and troubles with Ukrainians, Armenians, Turks, and above all Jews. But China is really Chinese—95 per cent, the government claims. We never got near the steppes, deserts, and mountains where the Chinese Communists are oppressing the Mongols, Central Asian Turks, and Tibetans, and neither do 900 million Chinese.

We were taken to the Central Institute for Minority Nationalities in Peking, where quislings of various nationalities told us how wonderful things were at home, now that they were armed with the Thought of Chairman Mao, and how the task confronting the Mongol (or Yi, or Yao, or Chuang) people was to deepen criticism of Teng Hsiao-p'ing's reactionary attempts, etc., etc. But for the immense majority of Chinese, the minorities don't seem to exist. This is no small difference between Russia and China.

No difference is greater than the fact that Stalin has been dead for almost 24 years, while Mao died only last September 8. We know what happened in Russia after Stalin. We argue about the extent of de-Stalinization, but obviously Russia is no longer a land of revolutionary terror and wonder, but a more relaxed and richer place. It is, as the Chinese say incessantly, Revisionist. No one could know this future when I first went to Russia. Everyone seemed utterly under control. No one save a few old people and a few ex-slaves seemed to have any mind at all. Lenin and Stalin seemed to have done their work well. That was how it seemed then, and that, we now know, was how it wasn't.

Therefore, visitors to China now search over-anxiously for the faintest signs of change and de-Maoization. But, bizarrely, Mao himself, with his Great Cultural Revolution, destroyed the gigantic Chinese Stalinist system that he and his devotedly loyal comrade, Liu Shao-ch'i, had built up in the 1950s. Full-fledged Stalinism seems no longer to be an option in China. Since Mao's health began to fail seriously five years ago, Peking has vacillated between periodic flare-ups of Cultural Revolutionary leftism, promoted by Mao in his lucid intervals, and the dead weight of pressure toward relaxation, industrial and military efficiency—an incipient Revisionism promoted smoothly by Chou En-lai and rudely by Teng Hsiao-p'ing.

Mao's last phase, the Great Cultural Revolution, was utterly astonishing, attractive, and impossible. Away with the Party, the police, all hierarchy, all expertise! This was not the Revolution we fought for! Let universities, factories, and even the army be weakened! The only important thing is a pure, saintly, socialist consciousness that wells up spontaneously from the untutored, uncontrolled people, from the peasantry! Only through periodic tumult at their initiative can China avoid the Revisionist evil that has killed the Russian Revolution! Mao's truest supporters in his last years, and the true heirs of his final ideals and policies—the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution forever—were the Four from Shanghai: his wife, Chiang Ch'ing, who had renewed her connection with the city where she had once been a beautiful actress; Chang Ch'un-ch'iao, the head of the state apparatus of Shanghai; Wang Hung-wen, a very attractive figure to any true proletarian leftist, who not so long ago was a humble worker in the East-Is-Red tractor factory in Shanghai, and who had risen through authentic Maoist Proletarian Cultural Revolutionism to the point of being a true-red worker's choice for the next leader of China; Yao Wen-yuan, a combative Maoist ideologue and journalist.

Shanghai, under their leadership for ten years, was supposed to be the red revolutionary bastion of China, the Kronstadt of the Chinese Revolution, where ten million people would pour into the streets immediately and repeatedly for permanent Maoist Cultural Revolution, as they had so many times in recent years. Shanghai seemed to have triumphed last winter, when the Shanghai Four and the dying Mao purged the then high-riding Teng Hsiao-p'ing and his proto-Revisionists, replacing him with the faceless but supposedly leftist Hua Kuo-feng. Who knows Hua's inner thoughts? But to the outside world he seems to have betrayed his benefactors, his cause, and his god for the sake of power. Somehow putting together a sufficient coalition, Hua, in the second week of October, treacherously arrested the Shanghai Four, Mao's heirs and Mao's widow, while blasphemously invoking the name of Mao.

Would Shanghai rebel on their behalf? Peking was worried and massed troops from other provinces near the city. Rumors of massive movements in the streets of Shanghai reached our group in Canton, where we were observing orderly parades obviously arranged by the Peking government for the Peking government. We met a group of German visitors who had been hurried from Shanghai ahead of schedule; they reported that they were not allowed to leave their hotel because of the dangerous mobs in the streets, but that they had seen cartoons of the Shanghai Four with nooses around their necks, as they went to the airport.

Day by day, criticism of the Four on the wall-posters hardened into denunciation of the Anti-Party Gang of Four, and then into hysterical execration of the Four Who Tried to Restore Capitalism

Shanghai, the record books say, is the most populous city in the world, with ten million legal residents and perhaps another million who had been shipped out to the countryside during the Great Cultural Revolution and who have somehow managed to sneak back to the fleshpots.

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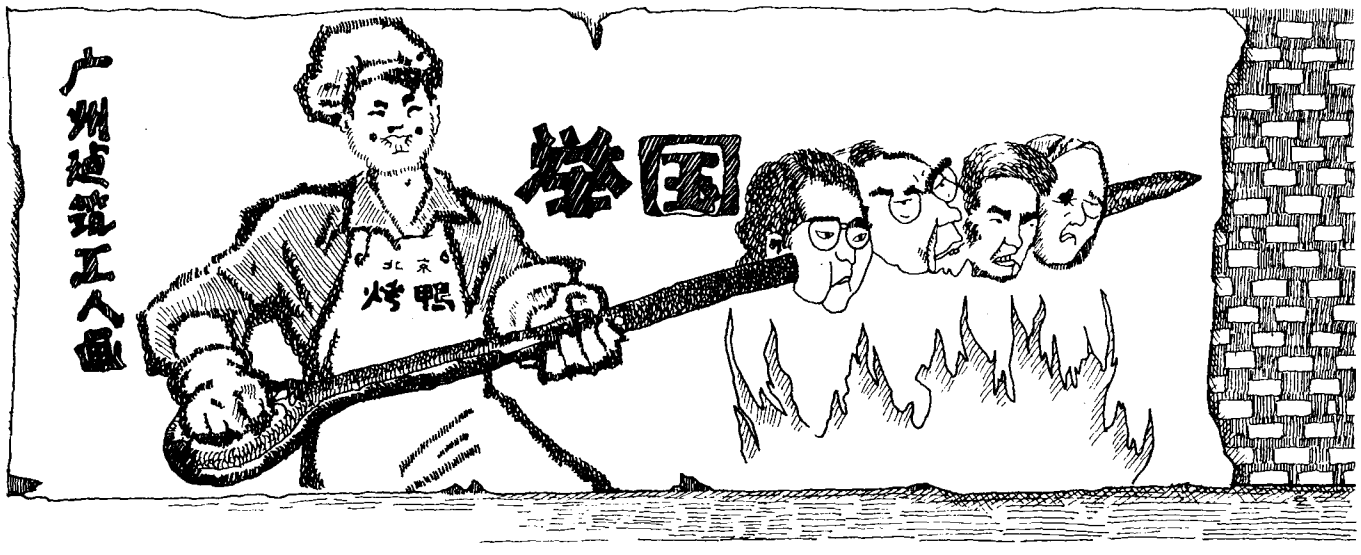
It is flat as a swamp, because the whole area around it, thousands of square miles, *was* the vast delta-swamp of the Yangtze, a river larger than the Mississippi, built up painfully over 2,500-odd years by the Chinese peasants into a miracle of neat rice paddies, vegetable gardens, and drainage canals, the richest land of all China. After 1842, imperialists and then Communists turned a small part of it—not more than six miles across—into the largest commercial and then industrial city of China. Its brief but intense history, its unkillable vivacity, and its revolutionism make Shanghai a deeply moving, world-historical city.

We landed about supper time at the airport in the rice paddies west of the city in mid-October. A bus took us into the city. We began to hear the booming of the great drums that would never really stop, save at night, throughout our visit. We began to see the immense crowds staring at the famous wall-posters that lined the walls of every avenue. So began our delirious five-day stay in Shanghai at the height of the tumults. No officials kept us in our hotel, or anywhere. There was no danger in the streets, save of having to walk for hours to get home through the joyous, friendly crowds who brought bus traffic to a halt for most of the daylight hours. We were quite free to observe, mingle with, and join the revolution.

Foreigners hear most about the wall-posters, which were indeed really extraordinary. Since the Great Cultural Revolution, the government's massive poster campaigns have been supplemented by private enterprise. Any Chinese, in theory, may brush his own "big-character poster" and put it up on some wall, provided that he signs and dates it. The date requests other posterers to respect it for a day or so, and then informs them that this is an available spot. The signature does not, as students of Russian Communism might suspect, instruct the police whom to arrest that night; China has not been like that since 1966. Civil liberty does not prevail—I should not have wanted to put up a poster hailing Chiang Ch'ing, much less Chiang Kai-shek—but the degree of freedom that is exercised is surprising. One can protest individual injustice: "Foreman Li thinks he is better than the other workers in his shop." "Comrade Tsao did not steal Comrade Fei's bicycle." "I was accused of swimming in the cadres' swimming pool." And one can comment eccentrically on politics; the boldest I saw in Shanghai was, "Comrade Teng Hsiao-p'ing was also a determined opponent of the Anti-Party Gang of Four." What provokes arrest is the defacement of posters supporting the local prevalent line. (The paper is too thin, the glue too thick, to tear them down.)

But the world-turning thing about the hundreds of miles of wall-posters that went up every day in Shanghai was that they did not call for leftist rebellion on behalf of the Four, but for popular rebellion against them. Day by day, criticism of the Four on the wall-posters hardened into denunciation of the Anti-Party Gang of Four, and then into hysterical execration of the Four Traitors Who Tried to Restore Capitalism. Day by day, the cartoons hardened from satirical pictures of the Four to pictures of them hanging from one noose or being pierced by one bayonet, and then to pictures of them as loathsome animals, and finally back to a lighter touch: Yao jabbering, Wang fishing, and Chiang Ch'ing, in an utterly wicked and delightful series of cartoons, as a widow thinking of fancy clothes, as a widow wearing fancy clothes and high heels under her black dress, as a domineering hellion squawking at everybody, as the Dragon-Empress, with fingernails three feet long, in her palanquin, scratching her bearers and fingering her jewels.

I CANNOT PROVE it against a determined skeptic, but all of this was quite different from the government-orchestrated campaigns I saw in Canton, or on television from Peking. The atmosphere in Shanghai was electric, because what was happening was spontaneous, though it groped toward unity. The wall-posters, in their progression and variations, were fascinating to millions of people. Workers left their sweatshops to stare at them, policemen left their boxes to study them, soldiers left their barracks to gape at them. The uprising was coincident with Peking's aims: overthrow the Four. But it was a rising against the Four, not especially for Peking. Hua's name was rarely mentioned till the last days, and I only saw one picture of him, at the very end. The movement jumped Peking's gun, and swept way beyond anything Peking would have planned. It evidently made Peking very nervous. It was Shanghai, of itself, that shook off its Maoist leadership—all in the name of Mao. It was Shanghai, of itself, that crumbled its red bastion, in a massive lunge toward relaxation, if not freedom. "We're tired of having them [the Four] volunteer our free



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Sundays for one of their projects," I was told. "They kept making us contribute our savings to their causes." If Shanghai is tired after ten years of Great Cultural Revolution, what hope is there for Mao's dream, a Revolutionary China that lasts forever?

If one was in Shanghai in those great days, one realized that the wall-posters were vital, but that the demonstrations themselves were central. On a good revolutionary day in Shanghai—there were ten of them, all told—millions of people would march in the streets for most of the day. With Shanghai's small area and gigantic population, the main streets and the downtown district soon became one continuous, jolly sardine can of blue-clad people wearing whatever colorful holiday clothes they had. "This is not a demonstration," I was told, "It is a celebration." The basic unit of a parade was a contingent from a factory or a school—or from our hotel—which was used to parading in many demonstrations, which had plenty of great red flags to wave, plenty of portrait banners of Mao to carry, plenty of experience at making banners with the day's slogans on paper in short order, full knowledge of the songs, and one at least of the great, red-bodied, brass-studded drums, up to six and even ten feet across.

The word would spread that today's rally would center on City Hall (Chang Ch'un-ch'iao's former headquarters) at 3 P.M.—Peking or its local agents must have started the word, but it spread spontaneously. Groups of hundreds of people would pour out of their starting points in institutional courtyards all over town, at times of their own choosing, but usually in the morning so as to enjoy the whole day. Buddha must be a Revisionist, for the weather was usually splendid and never bad.

The groups would wind all over town, on no coordinated plan, eventually turning toward the downtown area, where there would be happy contests for precedence between groups as they met at crossroads, as things got increasingly jammed and hilariously bogged down. Obviously most of the four and a half million people never got to City Hall on the Bund at 3 P.M. Waiting crowds would be regaled with loudspeakers blaring idiotic selections from loud, shrill speeches by Chiang Ch'ing, or by men in drag, parodying Chiang Ch'ing as the Dragon-Empress, in her imperial robes and fingernails, in her palanquin, borne aloft by farcical coolies on a float.

Shanghai was in genuine revolution, but in revolution against the heirs of the Chinese Revolution, a revolution that was probably a key link in the ending of everything real, vital, dynamic, and fiery in the Chinese Revolution forever

Many musical instruments were used to help us keep time, but Shanghai reverberated chiefly to the thud of the great red drums, with newly polished brass nails, usually in seven-eighths time: BOOM boom boom boom BOOM boom BOOM, BOOM boom boom boom BOOM boom BOOM, and so on without end. I was courteously invited to bang a big drum for a few blocks on Nanking Road. Several times it was arranged that the whole 11 million of us would sing "The Internationale" in unison at a given hour. We would wave our sea of great red flags slowly, all the way down the avenues to the horizon, and our far more numerous little paper banners of characters and cartoons denouncing the Gang of Four would wave at a far more rapid tempo. Long chains of firecrackers would explode on the sides of buildings, and at night many of us carried torches while miles of chains of lightbulbs were strung on the buildings, glowing and blinking in a city that has no competing neon signs.

IT WAS HALF Petrograd in 1917 and half Carnival in Rio. Mingling with this most colossal of all possible masses for days, struggling against their stream, marching easily with them, with banners, red flags, and people always in infinite pulsating motion before one's eyes and soul, with massed singing and the pounding of the great drums always in one's mouth, ears, and bones, with the knowledge that all the immense masses not far away but out of sight were doing the same things we were doing, and the knowledge that we were all consciously participating in one of the turning points of history—this was as intense, deeply moving, and genuinely psychedelic an experience as any human being could have: the self-transcending exhilaration of living that most marvelous of all possible human activities, a thoroughgoing revolution.

Yet, on reflection, this was all a dreadful paradox. Shanghai was in genuine revolution, but in revolution against the heirs of the Chinese Revolution, a revolution that was probably a key link in the ending of everything real, vital, dynamic, and fiery in the Chinese Revolution forever. For with Mao dead, his heirs purged, and Shanghai turned against the cause, who or what can prevent China's long slide into the relaxations and greyness of bureaucratic-industrial-military Revisionism, like Brezhnev's soulless Russia?

Mao, along with his only equals, Lenin, Hitler, and Stalin, moved heaven and earth to smite evil, as he saw it, and to build perfection, as he saw it. If they created monstrous horrors and murdered a hundred million people between them, that is the greatest testimony to the strength of their misguided idealism. They butchered more than any others in history precisely *because* they tried infinitely harder than you or I ever have or ever will to build paradise on earth. And Mao in his last, Cultural Revolution phase was a purer, more hauntingly appealing Quixotic idealist than he or the others ever had been.

I have been an unrelenting foe of Communism all my professional life, all the time realizing that theirs is the greatest of all human struggles toward the light that has so horribly misfired. After 27 years of Communism in China, I finally got the precious chance to go there, only to see the heart of the Chinese Revolution cut out before my eyes, irreversibly, for all time. That is excellent for a billion Chinese, for peace, for the world. But it also shows that even this greatest human effort was in vain, and we shall never reach heaven. And so the end of the Chinese Revolution is also an infinite tragedy and an infinite pity. □

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HISTORY LESSON

Higher money growth and increased government spending, we are told, are the best methods of assuring economic recovery. This may be good theology, but it is lousy economics—and contradicts past experience

The Road to Recovery

YALE BROZEN

LORD TWEEDSMUIR'S widely quoted statement, "Those who do not know history are condemned to relive old mistakes," could not be more apt than now. We are reliving some old mistakes—and these mistakes are impeding recovery. We can learn which of our current economic policies are mistaken by an examination of history. In particular, we can learn that current federal spending and the resultant deficit, which are supposed to be aiding recovery, are actually impeding it. We can learn from history that fiscal stimulus and deficit spending are not the road to prosperity.

Take the experience of 1948-49, for example. There is no doubt that deficit spending failed to produce the expected consequences in 1949. It failed to produce the runaway boom that was predicted by the fiscal ideologues and it failed to prevent a recession. Despite a marked increase in fiscal stimulus in 1948 and 1949, recession occurred in 1949. In 1948, there was a $12-billion swing in the federal budget in the direction labeled "stimulus" by the fiscal ideologues, a result of a 1948 tax cut and increased spending. Those who believe increases in spending relative to tax collections stimulate the economy were so worried that a runaway boom and inflation were going to follow this $12-billion swing in the federal budget (equivalent to a $75-billion increase in today's budget) that they persuaded President Truman to veto the tax cut. Congress overrode Truman's veto.

The believers in the influence of fiscal policy continued to worry about the economy becoming overheated by runaway inflation and persuaded Truman to call a special session of Congress, in August 1948, to impose price controls. Congress refused to do so. In spite of the predictions that fiscal stimulus would produce a runaway inflation, consumer prices fell by 5 per cent and wholesale prices by 10 per cent in the following 16 months. Instead of booming, the country slid into a recession in late 1948. Prices peaked in August 1948—the very time that Congress was called into special session.

THE BELIEVERS IN the notion that fiscal policy can turn the economy around should have known better than to make their 1948 predictions—predictions which turned out to be the exact opposite of what materialized. They had failed just as miserably in predicting what was going to happen in 1946 after the most enormous shift in fiscal policy which has ever occurred in our history. If ever there was a test of the fiscal ideology, 1946 was it, and fiscal ideology flunked. If federal spending makes the economy go, someone forgot to tell the economy it was supposed to stop in 1946.

In 1945, believers in the federal-spending theory of prosperity predicted that 1946 would see us suffering from eight to twelve million unemployed because of the great cut in government spending following the end of World War II. Federal outlays were sliced by $60 billion in 1946 (equivalent to a $400 billion reduction in federal spending today). The drop in government spending—which was supposed to be followed by a depression of 1933 proportions—was actually followed by such a rapid employment rise in industries producing civilian goods that, despite the release of people from the armed forces and the armament industries, there were complaints about shortages of labor in 1946. Fewer than three million were unemployed—not the 12 million predicted—and many of the unemployed were members of the 52-20 club (released veterans entitled to collect $20 per week as long as they remained unemployed up to 52 weeks) who were unwilling to lose their membership by taking a job. Evidently, it is not government spending which keeps the economy going.

Currently, the Federal Government is running a near record-breaking deficit, over $50 billion annually, yet the unemployment rate has been rising—from 7.3 per cent in May to 7.9 per cent in December. If large deficits could do the job of restoring full employment, the recovery from the 1974 recession should have been completed by now. But it hasn't been. Deficits as a nostrum for unemployment have failed repeatedly, and are currently not effecting a cure. Yet more of the same is being urged.

We are being told that this past recession and the current recovery are like no other cyclical episode in U.S. history. Whoever saw double-digit inflation during a period of falling economic activity and unemployment as we did in 1974? Whoever saw declining interest rates during a recovery such as we have seen during the past 18 months? Interest rates are supposed

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to slide during a recession and recover during an upturn. Interest rates did slide during the downturn, although they did not begin their slide until eight months after the recession began. The prime rate dropped from 12 per cent in July 1974 to 8.25 per cent by April 1975, when the recovery began. But the prime rate has continued to drop, from 8.25 per cent in 1975 to 6.25 per cent currently. The Fed Funds rate has dropped even more sharply, from its 13 per cent peak in July 1974 to 4.6 per cent currently, 18 months after recovery began.

Historically, every 1 per cent added to the inflation rate adds, with a lag if there has been a long period of price stability, a percentage point to interest rates

The interest rate slide has been in the face of a recovery which has seen civilian employment rise from 84 million in March 1975 to 88.1 million currently. So here we are with a record number of jobs and a record increase in number of jobs for any 18-month period, yet with a high unemployment rate, with declining interest rates, and with depression-fighting measures being urged in the midst of a recovery that is already well under way.

Is this faltering recovery something which requires special measures to keep it going? Should we apply the New Deal measures which failed in the 1930s to meet the employment problems of the 1970s? Should we enact a Humphrey-Hawkins bill as the Democrats urge? Should we enact more public works programs to re-employ the 15 per cent of construction workers who are unemployed as George Meany urges? Should we prepare to clamp on price controls as Jimmy Carter's advisors believe may be necessary (but which Carter himself is backing away from)?

Of more immediate concern, should we be following the advice of Professor Larry Klein, one of Mr. Carter's economic advisors? He is urging the Federal Reserve to reduce interest rates by pumping more money into the economy. He thinks the current recovery is being throttled by high interest rates. He wants to spur the economy by reducing interest rates. But will Dr. Klein's proposed money policy reduce interest rates—or will it raise them?

Here is where a little history can help us avoid a great mistake in policy which is being urged on Mr. Carter. If we follow Dr. Klein's advice, we will end up with higher interest rates—not lower rates—and we will re-ignite a more rapid inflation after paying a very high price to reduce the rate of inflation from its 12 per cent annual rate two years ago to its current 4.8 per cent rate. To throw away a victory half-won at this point is the height of folly and irresponsibility.

What can history tell us about the effect on interest rates of a step-up in money growth. The first effect is that predicted by Dr. Klein—what we can call a liquidity effect. Unexpected increases in cash flows do cause a decrease in short-term interest rates for five to eight months.

Dr. Klein would say, Fine. That is exactly what we want. With lower interest rates, business will borrow more to carry more inventory, to buy more machinery, and to put up more plant. Developers will borrow to erect houses and apartments. The rise in autonomous spending will generate a multiplier effect which will increase GNP by a multiple of the increased investment spending. That will increase tax collections and the federal deficit will be eliminated by the rise in tax collections.

This may be good theology, but it is lousy economics and it is contradicted by historical experience.

Experience tells us that usually within eight months after money growth is unexpectedly increased, interest rates will turn up. In another five to eight months, they go back to the level prevailing before the increased money growth began. After that, they exceed the earlier level. The rise, after the initial fall, is a consequence of two effects of increased money growth. One can be called the income effect. Three to five months after an increase in money growth rates, nominal incomes start rising, increasing the demand for goods. Rising sales lead business to start borrowing more to increase production. The rise in business borrowing then causes interest rates to start rising.

In addition to the income effect, there will also be an inflation effect. The increased demand for goods starts prices rising. Historically, every extra 1 per cent added to the rate of inflation adds, with a lag if there has been a long period of price stability, one percentage point to interest rates. In the current situation, which follows a long

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period of inflation, the lag in the inflation effect on interest rates will not be long—a bit less than two years.

Dr. Klein's prescription for producing lower interest rates, then, will produce higher interest rates—exactly the opposite of what we want. The use of his prescription in 1971 and again in 1972 pushed our interest rates to astronomic levels in 1974 and 1975. That is why they are still at extraordinarily high levels by historic standards.

Dr. Klein's medicine is even worse than what I have already described. He wants to prescribe not only higher money growth to lower interest rates but also larger deficits to lower employment. If the government borrows more, however, then interest rates will move to higher levels—not lower—levels. (If the Federal Government were not borrowing so much, interest rates would not be as high as they are.) The way to get lower interest rates is to reduce government spending. By cutting federal outlays for public works, for example, the money the government is now borrowing would be available for residential and commercial construction. The volume of private construction is as low as it is because private builders are being crowded out of the money market by government borrowing (and construction is also being depressed by the constant increase in minimum wage determinations for federal construction being made under the Davis-Bacon Act).

Some of this crowding-out is a direct effect of government leaving so little money in the financial markets. Some of it is an indirect effect produced by reducing the net worth of stockholders. One of our studies at the University of Chicago shows that the value of common stocks held by individuals has a direct impact on the demand for residential construction. When the stock market drops, this reduces the net worth of individuals and the proportion of their portfolios held in common stocks. The drop in net worth reduces their demand for owned housing and for rental housing as a part of their investment portfolios. Whatever amount the government adds to its construction budget will be offset by a decline in private construction and private spending on other capital goods below what they would otherwise be as a consequence of direct and indirect effects of crowding-out.

Now we are in the midst of a slowing in the rate of recovery that worries everyone. The standard remedies will not cure us. So what is to be done to speed the recovery?

Let us look at both sides of the coin to get at this problem: 1) Why the current slowing in the recovery rate—the drop from 9 per cent real growth in the first quarter of 1976 to approximately 3 per cent currently? 2) What does the answer to this question imply about the appropriate measures to end the slowing and speed the continuation of the climb out of recession?

There are two aspects to the current pause—monetary policy and wage-rate behavior. Looking at the behavior of money growth rates (see Table 1), you will notice that the six-month money growth rate peaked in August 1975 at 8.2 per cent (on a one month basis, it peaked in June 1975 at 15.1 per cent). It then slid month after month to 2.6 per cent in December 1975 (on a one month basis, the annual rate of growth in December was minus 3.2 per cent) and bottomed at 2.2 per cent in January 1976.[1] That was five months of a declining rate of money growth. Now what is important about that?

TABLE 1

Annual Rates of Change in Money Stock From Six Months Prior to Month Shown

1969-76

	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976
Jan.	7.7%	2.7%	6.0%	3.9%	9.7%	4.8%	2.2%	2.2%
Feb.	8.1	2.3	6.2	4.7	8.4	5.3	1.7	2.3
Mar.	7.5	4.0	6.1	3.1	6.6	6.6	3.1	3.0
Apr.	7.1	5.0	7.4	7.5	6.4	6.7	2.7	5.7
May	5.9	5.4	8.9	7.6	7.4	5.4	3.6	5.3
June	5.4	6.2	9.3	8.1	6.9	5.3	5.7	5.7
July	4.8	5.4	9.3	8.5	6.0	5.6	7.2	6.7
Aug.	3.0	6.9	8.4	8.5	6.1	5.1	8.2	6.7
Sept.	2.7	7.0	7.5	8.1	6.0	4.2	6.8	5.6
Oct.	2.5	6.1	6.0	8.0	5.9	4.1	6.1	5.4
Nov.	2.4	5.9	4.4	8.8	5.3	4.6	5.6	4.2
Dec.	1.6	5.8	3.5	10.0	4.8	3.8	2.6	5.7

Source: Federal Reserve Bulletin, Dec. 1974 and Feb. 1976; Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, *Monetary Trends*, various issues.

A crude forecasting rule works fairly well: Any time money growth rates decline persistently month after month, expect economic *growth* to start slowing six to nine months later. If the money growth rate decline continues for 12 to 14 months, you can expect a downturn in the economy 12 to 15 months after the decline in money growth rate began. Currently, that would mean that if the decline in money growth rates which started in August of 1975 had continued up to now, we would be in the midst of a downturn in the economy.

THE RECESSION that began at the end of 1973 was preceded by a slide in money growth rates from a peak in December 1972. The money growth rate slide did not bottom until February 1975. The economy hit bottom only two months later and began an upturn within three months. The point here is that the recession was predictable and its depth is ascribable to the long continuation of the slide in money growth rates.

The 1970 recession was preceded by 13 months of declining money growth rates. The 1960 recession was also preceded by 13 months of declining money growth rates. This story can be repeated for every recession where we have data on monthly changes in the stock of money in the period preceding the recession.

The recent slowing of growth also has historical analogues. We had a similar pause in 1955 when we were on our way out of the 1953-54 recession. That pause was preceded by a nine-month decline in money growth rates that began ten months earlier. Remember the economic pause in 1962 that became known as "the pause that didn't refresh"? It was preceded by an eight month decline in money growth rates. And there is the mini-recession of 1967 when we actually had a dip in real GNP for a few months that didn't last long enough to be officially labeled a recession. That, too, was preceded by an eight-month slide in money growth rates.

If the money growth rate slide, which started from an August 1975 peak, had continued up to now, we would now be slipping into recession. But it didn't continue. It bottomed last January. The slowing of the economy's rate of rise is about to end. The latter part of the last quarter of 1976 saw a resumption of a higher rate of recovery with short-term interest rates bottoming. Long-term rates will remain soft

1) This was a direct result of Federal Reserve action taken in June and July 1975. The Fed, quite correctly, became alarmed over the very rapid rise in the quantity of money in May and June (at annual rates of 12 per cent and 15 per cent). It took money out of the economy (by the sale of T-bills) in July (forcing the Fed fund rates from 5.15 per cent to 6.35 per cent), but it overdid its job. This overreaction is usual Fed behavior as a consequence of focusing on what it is doing to interest rates and belatedly paying attention to subsequent money growth rates.

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provided the rate of inflation continues to move down. With the recent rate of money growth, however, it is not likely that the rate of inflation will fall any further for the next six months.

What I have described is an empirical observation drawn from history. If there are no causal relationships underlying this correlation, then it is no better than a sun-spot theory of business cycles. Ad hoc correlations have a way of breaking down soon after they are observed.

There is a theoretical, empirically verified underpinning for this historical empirical regularity. When the money growth rate slows, expectations take about a year to adapt to the new circumstances. As a consequence, prices and wage rates continue to rise at rates which cannot be supported by the forthcoming growth of demand. In 1973, the demand for goods rose by 11.1 per cent (fourth quarter of 1972 to fourth quarter of 1973). Of this 11.1 per cent rise in outlays to purchase goods, 8.6 percentage points were absorbed by a rise in hourly compensation. Businesses bid for scarce labor to meet the rising demand, and wage rates rose. Despite the large wage rise, 2.5 percentage points of the growth in demand went to employ more labor, absorbing the additions to the work force.

In 1974, the slower rise in money meant a slower rise in spending and a slower rise in the demand for goods. The demand for goods rose by 6.9 per cent (fourth quarter of 1973 to fourth quarter of 1974). If nominal wage rates had not gone up, there would have been a 6.9 per cent rise in employment. If wage-rate increases had been restrained to 6.9 per cent, employment would have been maintained at its old level and real wage rates would have gone up instead of declining. But expectations of accelerating inflation (price controls ended in April) led to employers raising wage rates and agreeing in union bargaining to wage increases amounting to 10.8 per cent. That outran the rise in demand for goods and for labor by nearly 4 percentage points. And that, in turn, caused unemployment to rise from a normal 5 per cent to nearly 9 per cent (see Table 2). This wage rise outrunning the rise in demand continued into the first quarter of 1975. Employment continued to fall right into March as a consequence. Hourly compensation rose at a staggering 13 per cent annual rate in the first quarter of 1975. The 1974-1975 recession can be directly blamed on an overly rapid rise in nominal wage rates. People were priced out of the labor market and that caused a two-million decline in number of jobs.

The relationship of wage increases and demand increases reversed in the second quarter of 1975. The rate of wage rise slowed to 7 per cent. The demand for goods rose by 10.4 per cent. The result of the slower rise in wage rates meant that 3.4 percentage points of the increase in demand went to employing people more hours per week and to employing more people.

From the first quarter of 1975 to the first quarter of 1976, we had a 13.1 per cent rise in the demand for goods. If the wage-rate rise had been restrained to only 5 per cent, full employment would have been restored by the first quarter of 1976—that is, the unemployment rate would have dipped to 5 per cent and men and women would have been working full workweeks. But the wage rise was not restrained. Hourly compensation rose by 7.8 per cent, leaving only 5.3 percentage points of the rise in demand to employ more people and to employ them more fully.

Restoring full employment requires a more moderate rate of wage increase. Mr. Meany and his union officials should be providing the leadership to convince their membership that wage restraint will do more toward restoring employment for their out-of-work members than any government can do.

Our unemployment problem cannot be solved by government. It is up to employers to avoid giving large wage increases that are inconsistent with restoration of full employment. It is up to employers to resist union demands for unwarranted rises. It is up to union leaders to make their membership understand that unwarranted wage increases cost their fellow workers long spells of unemployment. And it is up to all of us workers to recognize that while we all merit bigger wage increases than we are getting, bigger ones cannot be granted without creating tragedies for fellow workers. As a matter of fact, if our nominal wage rates were to rise more slowly, our real wage rates would rise more rapidly, paradoxical though this may seem.

If we want our real compensation to rise more rapidly, and if we want to restore full employment, let us inform Mr. Carter that we want government spending reduced. We must reduce government spending in order to stop the drain of capital going into financing deficits—capital that would otherwise go to providing more jobs, increasing productivity, and raising output. □

TABLE 2

Changes in Key Variables Before, During and After Recession of NOV. 1973-APRIL 1975 and of NOV. 1969-NOV. 1970

Period	Hourly compensation	Demand for goods	Net employment effect	Employment*	Unemployment rate at end of period
	Annual rates of change				
1972 IV-1973 IV	8.6%	11.1%	2.5%	3.4%	4.8%
1973 IV-1975 I	11.2	5.3	-5.9	-1.7	8.9
1975 I-1976 II	7.7	12.4	4.7	3.2	7.3
1968 III-1969 III	7.5	7.6	0.1	2.8	3.5
1969 III-1970 IV	7.5	4.1	-3.4	-0.1	6.1
1970 IV-1972 I	6.9	9.5	2.6	2.6	5.8

*Unadjusted for changes in work week.

If we want our real compensation to rise more rapidly, and if we want to restore full employment, let us inform Mr. Carter that we want government spending reduced

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MONT PELERIN SOCIETY

Haggis & the Wealth of Nations

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

I HAD ALWAYS thought Adam Smith's celebrated phrase, "It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker, that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest," was a piece of accurate if abstract economic reasoning. A recent journey to St. Andrews, Scotland, to help the Mont Pêlerin Society celebrate the bicentennial of the publication of Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations*, has thrown new light on the origin of the phrase. The idea still seems correct, even self-evident, as all great ideas seem, once they are articulated. But why did it occur to Adam Smith, rather than to contemporary great French economists such as Quesnay or Turgot? My journey convinced me that the idea would occur naturally to a Scot, and never to a Frenchman. No one living in Scotland could fail to discover—even on a short journey—that his dinner was not connected to anyone's benevolence. *Res ipsa locquitur*. And how. Smith might have added that the main source of the dinner must be the malevolence of the cook. But perhaps he thought this obvious.

The Scots—those I met—seem pleasant, friendly, and attractive people. But prolonged observation discloses also something dour and brooding about them. My guess is that they are, like so many of us, ambivalent about the world, not always sure, and often in conflict about whether to love or hate it. They express this ambivalence in a way all their own. In their relations to each other they show their friendly side—no better drinking companions, and excellent drinks too. But once they are in the kitchen and let loose on what, before they worked on it, was edible material, their rage against the world finds expression. Within an incredibly short span, they render some of the best fish, or fowl, the world has ever known all but totally inedible.

Had my St. Andrews meals been served in an American prison, they would have caused an immediate riot. For once I should have sided with the ACLU in defending the mutineers: the meals would have been an incontestable violation of the Eighth Amendment, which protects Americans against cruel and unusual punishment. Thus the Constitution sanctioned, indeed made it morally obligatory, to indulge the protest of my senses. I fled to Bologna. Comforted by tortellini, I missed some excellent papers and erudite discussions. But in Bologna, one feels dinner is served as an act of love, not malevolence. No Italian could assign a base or selfish motive to those who produce his dinner.

THE PAPERS that I had not been able to hear *viva voce* at St. Andrews have reached me now. They are excellent. Perhaps I should have risked my life to listen. They range from papers tracing Adam Smith's influence everywhere —literally from Austria to Uruguay— to George Stigler's paper separating what of Adam Smith's work has rightly become part of the common body of economics, from what has not but should have, from what has and shouldn't have, and from what didn't and shouldn't. Among the papers tracing Smith's influence in various nations, I found Paul Gottfried's paper on Smith in Germany outstanding. (Smith was translated into German by the national poet, Schiller.)

Peter Stanlis on Smith and Burke was illuminating. Friedman and Alchian strikingly illustrated Smith's relevance to our present problems. These authors, as well as R. H. Coase and Edward Banfield (the latter in a careful and comprehensive *explication de texte*), have finally put to rest what the Germans used to call "das Adam Smith Problem." In Smith's *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* the motor of action is everyone's desire that "comes with us from the womb and never leaves us till we go into the grave" to better his condition (largely his prestige). We are animated by self-love. Yet in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments* Smith finds a natural harmony among the actions of individuals based on their sentiment of sympathy (mutual identification). Actually—and all speakers pointed this out, each in his own way —the conflict is factitious. For, if it is true that "it is not from benevolence . . . that we expect [actions helpful to us], but from [people's] regard to their own interest," that "we address ourselves, not to their humanity but to their self-love, and never talk to them of our own necessities but of their advantages," it is also true that "in civilized society, [man] stands at all times in need of the cooperation and assistance of great multitudes, while his whole life is scarce sufficient to gain the friendship of a few persons." Hence, as Coase pointed out, the needed harmony of cooperation in society cannot be provided by benevolence for, and from, strangers. Benevolence is personal, extending from self-regard to regard for those we know and care for. Hence, benevolence can produce harmony and the needed action in small groups or families, but it does not suffice for societies, the members of which do not know each other. The problem, then, is that "man has almost constant occasion for the help of his brethren and it is in vain to expect it from benevolence only." Hence, the market and the forces that determine its actions must replace benevolence for society as a whole. Ruled by selfishness, the market can do what benevolence alone could not do—to link us in a vast cooperative endeavor that provides for our needs.

Yet, the market itself could not exist, and neither could society, were it not for benevolence or sympathy that causes people to have families, bring up children, care for each other, observe the laws, and be willing to conform to the general framework within which the market must function. Thus Smith explained the functioning of the market by explaining what sympathy and benevolence could not explain, whatever their influence in our behavior toward those near to us—how persons who have never set eyes on each other have an incentive to cooperate for mutual benefit. □

Mr. van den Haag's latest book is Punishing Criminals, *from Basic Books.*

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THE BANK SECRECY ACT

Big Snoop Strikes Again

CHARLOTTE TWIGHT

WHAT WOULD you do if Congress were to consider a bill permitting government officials to examine the most intimate details of your financial life? A measure that would, among other things, permit the government to violate the privacy of bank accounts, credit-card purchases, and stockbrokerage records?

You would probably a) send an alarmed letter to your local newspaper, b) send an enraged letter to your congressman, c) organize a march on the Capitol. Unfortunately, you would be a little late. Congress passed such a law seven years ago.

Enacted in 1970, the Bank Secrecy Act empowers the Secretary of the Treasury to compel all federally insured banks 1) to record the identity of each customer who maintains a savings or checking account with the bank by means of a "taxpayer identification number" (usually a person's Social Security number), and 2) to *microfilm all checks and record all deposits* of each bank-account holder.

The Act also empowers the Federal Government to compel credit-card companies, travel agencies, stockbrokers, jewelers, telegraph companies, and others to turn over all records pertaining to any transaction involving the transfer of American currency or any other monetary instrument specified by the government. What's more, the statute permits wide-open distribution of this data among all government agencies without any formal legal action against an individual. Criminal as well as civil punishment awaits those who refuse to provide the information demanded by the government.

Unlimited discretionary power is given to the Secretary of the Treasury under all of the Act's provisions. The Secretary not only can select the types of monetary instruments subjected to compulsory reporting and record-keeping, but also can specify the precise dollar value of transactions targeted for government scrutiny. Although current regulations require banks to microfilm checks and deposits of more than $100, most banks microfilm all transactions because of the high cost of excluding smaller items.

But how does this power threaten individual privacy? What can be so ominous about a mere reporting and record-keeping law? It would seem to regulate only banks, credit-card companies, travel agencies, and the like, not (directly) private individuals. And the law requires disclosure of financial transactions, not (apparently) information about the political affiliation, economic status, and habits of individuals.

Information possessed by banks and credit-card companies is information about individuals. Since most financial and ideological commitments ultimately are reflected in bank checks and credit-card purchases, these records provide a virtual blueprint of an individual's economic and political values. If a government can obtain records of a person's financial transactions, it can examine not only what he buys and how he occupies his leisure time, but it also can examine each individual's income and travels, as well as his religious beliefs and political preferences.

Court Approval

Perhaps most revealing of the Bank Secrecy Act's authoritarian implications is its purpose. Congress openly declared its intent to compel disclosure of information that has "a high degree of usefulness" in tax, criminal, or purely "regulatory" investigations and proceedings. The Act does *not* require the government to obtain a court order for this information. Yet even a cursory glance at world history warns us that government officials often find "highly useful" personal information that no individual can relinquish while preserving his integrity and freedom.

Lest anyone think this statute so obviously unconstitutional that the Supreme Court would strike it down at the first opportunity, in 1974 and again in 1976 the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the statute against a variety of constitutional challenges.

In its 1974 decision, *California Bankers' Assn.* v. *Schultz*, the Court validated the Bank Secrecy Act against objections based on the First, Fourth, Fifth, Ninth, Tenth, and Fourteenth Amendments to the U.S. Constitution. The Court ruled that it would not even examine the constitutionality of the unlimited government surveillance authorized by the Act, preferring to judge only the specific (and transitory) regulations enacted by the Secretary of the Treasury in implementing the Act. By the same logic, arbitrary power could be conferred upon any Executive official, and a citizen's only recourse would be to challenge ever-changing bureaucratic edicts.

No Warrant, No Subpoena

More recently, on April 21, 1976, the U.S. Supreme Court approved government seizure, without a search warrant or valid subpoena, of the microfilm records of personal bank accounts that banks are forced to create under the Bank Secrecy Act. (See *U.S.* v. *Miller*). The Court that many people believe to be the ultimate defender of their fundamental rights calmly ruled that people have no legitimate expectation of privacy in any personal financial transactions conducted through a bank.

By challenging people's right to privacy, the Bank Secrecy Act threatens civil liberties on the most fundamental level. Freedom of speech, of religion, and of association draw their substance and vitality from people's right to privacy. On the unwarranted assumption that it is proper for the government to treat every person who maintains a checking or savings account as a potential criminal, the Bank Secrecy Act requires the entire public to sacrifice privacy and civil liberty for the remote possibility of a small improvement in law enforcement. It is a sacrifice that individuals who value freedom would not voluntarily make. □

Miss Twight, an attorney, is the author of America's Emerging Fascist Economy. *She teaches in the School of Business Administration at the University of Washington, and also lectures to civic, business, and trade associations.*

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RESPONDEO

A Rebuke of a Rejoinder

PAUL WILLIAMS

I BEGIN WITH a bow, for Fr. John J. Lynch merits a small measure of praise. I applaud his chastisement of hierarchical passivity "in the face of persistent doctrinal, moral, liturgical, and canonical aberrations." I hail his call for the episcopate to confront the issues of right belief and right conduct and to stand firm in its opposition to the "present evil age." This, indeed, cannot happen too soon. But I have come to parry with Fr. Lynch not to praise him. [See John J. Lynch, "A Rejoinder," Oct. 29, 1976, in reply to Paul Williams, "The Severed Roots of American Christianity," Aug. 6, 1976.]

St. Thomas Aquinas taught us that all clear thinking comes from making constant distinctions. This is an elementary lesson in logic that Fr. Lynch apparently has not learned. In the first place, he fails to discern the difference between the various levels of speech. Mistaking the figurative for the literal, he takes me to task for my usage of the adverb *always*. Surely, this is nit-picking.

But more disturbing is the fact that Fr. Lynch presents my sociological analysis of the effects of *aggiornamento* on American religiosity as a theological *tractatus* opposing Christian unity. This bizarre perspective permits him to respond to my discussion of the decline in church membership by producing lengthy quotations from Dietrich Bonhoeffer. I am flabbergasted by his serpentine line of argumentation.

In his rejoiner, Fr. Lynch argues that many Christians are presently staying away from Mass because the sacramental reforms inaugurated by Vatican II now prevent them from obtaining the "cheap grace" they were once able to receive. This is sheer poppycock. Certainly, grace in the Catholic Church is cheaper not costlier than ever before. The sacraments, which are the objective means of attaining grace, have never been more accessible. Before the enactment of the reforms, one had to abstain from all food and drink before receiving communion. But now the fasting regulations have been almost completely removed so that Catholics can partake of the Eucharist without suffering the slightest inconvenience or intestinal discomfort. Moreover, the Church has even changed the day of the Sabbath so that the attendance by Catholics at the sacred supper might not interfere with their social schedule. How could grace be made cheaper? The ecumenists have brought the Body of Christ to the bargain basement.

Turning from the quaggy to the quizzical, Fr. Lynch takes great apparent delight in his coinage of a new phrase—"sociological Christians." Pray tell me, what does this mean? Is "sociological," in fact, his synonym for "superficial"? *Je ne sais pas.*

Yet let me refrain from crushing a butterfly upon a wheel in order to restate my argument. My main point was not that Catholics have turned from Mother Church but that Mother Church has turned from them. Prior to the ecumenical movement, religion—Catholicism as well as Protestantism and Judaism—played a sociological role in America. Amidst the bewildering complexities of American society, it granted the American people a means of locating themselves in the larger social whole, a means of identifying themselves, and with others. Religion separated the people into sharply identifiable clusters. It saved them from being shapeless integers in a homogenous mass. It told them who they were and where they came from. Thus the religious lines were sharply drawn. Private clubs, developments, and societies upheld religious restrictions in order to prevent the invasion of outsiders. Rarely did anyone seriously object to these restrictions. It was the American way of life.

But, Fr. Lynch insists, it was wrong. "Anyone," he writes, "reading John 17 or Ephesians 4 knows how radically alien separatism among Christians is to the Word of God." Yet, by stating this, is not Fr. Lynch, in fact, saying that the Church itself until the blessed age of *aggiornamento* was completely unfamiliar with the Word of God? For, indeed, it was the Church itself that nourished and fostered this "deplorable vice" among its people. Prior to Vatican II, the Church strongly discouraged religious endogamy. It compelled Protestants wishing to marry Catholics to attend catechetical classes where they were made aware of the grave errors of their beliefs. They were also asked to sign affidavits that their children would be raised in the "true" faith. Furthermore, the Church flatly refused to perform such mixed marriages within the altar, emphasizing the barrier that existed between the sheep and the goats. At the same time, Catholics were ordered under the threat of mortal sin not to participate in non-Catholic services. Fr. Lynch assails me for speaking of separatism as a "positive virtue." My error springs from the fact that I still retain many of the beliefs instilled in me as a boy.

FR. LYNCH GOES on to say that separatism is a result of original sin, and here, alas, he is correct. Yet, while noting this, he nevertheless fails to see that the error of the utopian visionaries of Vatican II was located in their assumption that the effects of the Fall could be eradicated by the legislation of a decree on ecumenicity—that the divisions between men could be healed by a liberal dose of humanism. Imbued with this vision, the ecumenists began with a vengeance to break down the barriers between Christians, employing the battering ram of *aggiornamento*.

Aggiornamento, the keyword of Vatican II, means updating, making relevant, as well as the removing of the various obstacles to Christian reconciliation. In its name the "modernists" sought to give the Church a thorough house-cleaning by removing its "outworn" and "old-fashioned" accumulation of possessions—"out-worn" saints, "out-worn" ideas, "out-worn" practices, even "out-worn" beliefs. Fr. Lynch argues that the reforms inaugurated by the ecumenists remained somewhat superficial, since the essential teachings of the Church were not tampered with. He is correct in saying this, but most

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deceptively correct. For the changes nevertheless cut deep—severing the former signification of these teachings, and leaving an altered perspective on their substance. I cannot begin to exhaust this subject within the confines of this response. Ergo, for the sake of brevity, I shall attempt to show how the changes in the discipline of public worship produced a different conception of the Eucharist. The doctrine of transubstantiation remained intact. Yet, it no longer meant the same. Prior to the liturgical reform, this doctrine was dramatized by the repetitive stress placed on the ineffable sacredness of the Host. For in the wafer raised by the priest to the ringing of bells and the beating of breasts was the actual Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, the spotless Victim that could not be touched by unconsecrated hands. A great part of the Tridentine liturgy assumed the form of progressive obeisance to a thing untouchable. A priest could raise the Host only with his canonical digits—the thumb and first finger—which had been consecrated for this purpose. After consecrating the bread, the priest had to keep his canonicals joined as he performed the other necessary functions. The paten and chalice, for example, had to be lifted with the third and fourth fingers.

MOREOVER, THE priest constantly had to sweep his paten for unseen specks of the sacred bread. For each part was the whole, each crumb a communion in itself. When the priest administered communion to the faithful at the altar rail he was always accompained by an altar boy who carried a special communion catcher—another paten, this one with a long handle. The acolyte carefully placed the catcher under the chin of each receiver to prevent the catastrophe of Christ falling from someone's tongue to the floor. The thin wafers—so difficult to swallow—always stuck to the roof of the mouth. And it would be a detestable—an unthinkable—sacrilege to scrape it off with one's finger.

But with the sacramental changes, Catholics were permitted to do the unspeakable. Suddenly, in many progressive parishes, the sacred Body was placed in their unholy hands. Worse yet, in some instances it was even administered by laymen who dipped their unholy fingers into the sacred chalice. Though they cringed, horrified Catholics were told that it was permissible to chew it, to receive it standing instead of kneeling, even to drink from the chalice. Was Christ as truly present in the tangible bread as He had been in the untouchable wafer? Was this the same Body of Christ that they were allowed to chew? No, the doctrine of the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist was never officially changed. But psychologically it never meant the same. The change in practice had produced a change in perspective. The sacred no longer seemed as sacred as it once was. Even the spotless Host had been sullied by human hands.

But these changes were not meant for Catholics. They were enacted for the sake of ecumenism. They were designed to dissolve the differences between Christians "so they might be one." By dissolving these differences, the Church abrogated its sociological role and turned from its children. "We're all the same anyhow," they were told, "we're all brothers in Christ." But hadn't they been told they were different? Hadn't they been assured that they alone were members of the one true Church? Suddenly, the sheep were being protestantized before they could bleat in protest. The Latin rite was sacked and replaced by a modern, mundane liturgy that could not offend the "separated brethren." With the new Mass, confused Catholics were instructed to sing Protestant hymns and to recite the once unspeakable Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer. Moreover, the priests and bishops who had once forbidden them to participate in non-Catholic services now began to take a leading role in such services. The Church, with its banners and banjoes, was standing on its head.

They had identified themselves by their religion. They were Catholics—that was what they were, who they were. Yet they could no longer identify themselves with Catholicism. For the changing Church was no longer *their* Church. It was no longer the Church of their fathers and forefathers. And so, many began to turn from the Church as it had turned from them. In 1965, 80 per cent of the Catholics in America attended Mass on a regular basis. Ten years later—in 1975, the number of regular attenders had dropped to less than 50 per cent. But ecumenism took a drastic toll among Protestants as well. By 1975, only 37 per cent of Presbyterians, 32 per cent of Methodists, and 28 per cent of Episcopalians described themselves as steady church-goers. In 1960, less than 5 per cent of the American people considered themselves to be outside the religious fold. Presently, according to the latest record in the *National Catholic Register*, only 50 per cent of the American people consider themselves to be *inside* the religious fold.

STRIPPED OF their self-identity, they were left strangers to others as well as themselves. And with the updating of the teachings of the Church, they lost their moral certitude as well. Modernist priests began to appear without censure on television advocating a sundry assortment of permissive views and positions. Some openly announced their homosexuality and attempted to sanction it on spurious Biblical grounds. In the flux of the new permissiveness, the wavering Church, struggling for modernity, no longer stood still to make a stand. Quite naturally, therefore, those who identified themselves with the Church also decided to update their former views and moral positions. Fr. Lynch, however, furiously insists that it is erroneous to blame Vatican II for "the widespread abandonment by Catholics of the Church's teachings on sexual morality and abortion." Yet, immediately after stating this, he adds that the present state of moral ambiguity which persists among many Catholics is, in part, a result of "the atmosphere generated by Pope John and the Council." Need I point out that this is a classical *exemplum* of double-talk?

The progressives wanted a modern Church. This was what *aggiornamento* was all about; this was the essence of ecumenism. They strove to place the Church in step with the times. And the Church, in turn, tried to cater to their whims by relinquishing many of its cherished claims before the demands of "this crooked age." And so, Fr. Lynch's attack, in the final analysis, is completely misdirected. He assails the "sociological Christians" who were uprooted by the Church as infidels, instead of directing his attack to the clerics and laymen within the Church who had somehow managed to sell the Bride of Christ to the *Zeitgeist*. The ecumenical movement hasn't made the Church one. It has made it empty. I join Fr. Lynch in bewailing this fact. □

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Adelaide F. Rickenbacker: A Tribute

Land of the Free

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Her father, Stoel Meech Frost, was of Quaker stock, tracing his line back to Liverpool, England. He dwelt peaceably in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and reared two daughters, Phoebe and Adelaide, and saw his young wife early to her grave. Adelaide was raised by her grandmother, whose passion was to take the sick into her home and heal them. The young girl was marvelously beautiful and had a singing voice that demanded, and got, professional attention. Before she was 16 she was singing in churches all around the state; before she was twenty she was singing in Detroit, and not in churches.

In those days the automobile crowd were just starting. Bill Durant, the Boston financier, was putting General Motors together. Adelaide married his son, and while still in her twenties she found herself living like a queen, on a vast estate in California, directing a domestic staff of almost thirty souls.

The marriage didn't work. She divorced the man, and *his* father settled a trust fund on her, in gratitude, acknowledging that she had done her best in a lost cause.

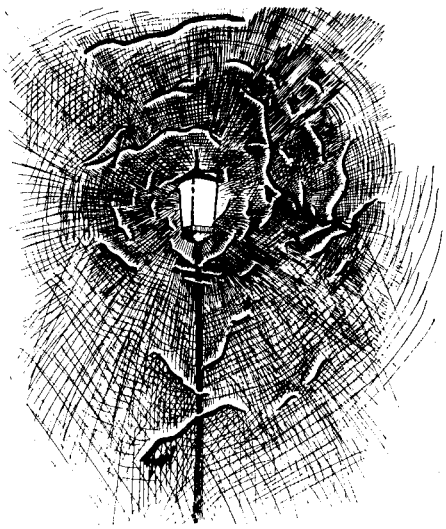
In 1922 she married Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, America's Ace of Aces from the First World War. He was 32 at the time and she was irresistibly gorgeous. Fifty years later I finally got up the nerve to ask her how old she was, anyway. "If you promise not to tell your father," she said, "I'm five years older than he is, and I've never told him." Bill Durant went broke in the Great Crash of 1929, and for the rest of his life Adelaide supported him, in gratitude, on the income from her trust. Her magnanimity even extended to supporting Durant's *second* wife, until she, too, finally, went to her rest.

During the Second World War she traveled extensively, with the greatest champion of that "golden age of sport," Bobby Jones, in behalf of the Air Force Auxiliary. In proud reaction against Bundles for Britain, she organized Bundles for America, ran a thrift shop on Park Avenue, and raised something like four million dollars to help the families of American servicemen.

She saved her husband's life three times. One night in Atlanta, after his terrible airplane crash of 1941, she awoke from a deep sleep with a message pounding in her brain: "Eddie needs me!" She raced to his room, on a different floor, and found him clawing at the oxygen tent. The night nurse had dozed. The oxygen bottle had played out. Adelaide shook the nurse, who switched to a fresh oxygen bottle.

Again, when Eddie was adrift on the Pacific in 1942 after a plane crash, the military searched diligently for him for two weeks and then called it off. Adelaide went to Washington and pounded her fists on some shoulders that carried four stars. "He's alive! I *know* he's alive! Find him!" She told me this. They went back to their search patrols, and, sure enough, ten days later, they found him.

Towards the end, she and Captain Eddie agreed that they didn't want to be kept alive "like a vegetable." But she couldn't keep the contract when Eddie suffered his terrible stroke in 1972, and by force of love, will, and intelligence she helped him master a coma that lasted three months. That was when she saved him a third time; and not long before his heart finally stopped, in Zurich, he took her by the hand and said, "These last months have been the happiest of my life."



Her quick mind, clear sight, and volcanic personality were fully the match of Captain Eddie's and she made the marriage a union of equals. She gave her full devotion to her household and her two sons, and added her patriotism and self-reliance to her husband's when it came time to talk about schooling, careers, and the object of living. She entertained, splendidly, almost casually, all manner of royalty, politicos, and stuffed shirts, was fooled by none of them, and taught her sons to see them for what they were.

Her breezy style is evident in a letter she dictated (for she was almost blind during her last five or six years) only two weeks before the end: "I do get bored with enforced inactivity and just what I would do without my talking books I do not know. I will say, however, that just why some are printed is still a mystery, like one I tried to read by a woman who was trying to tell her life story, and after the third record I couldn't see that she had ever been a person who could interest anybody, so I put her back in her little box and said Goodbye, I don't care about your life! . . . When you are in the mood again write me a funny letter, I need it . . . Lots and lots of love."

She tried to go on after her resplendent husband went, but her heart was never in it, and finally she willed her exit, after a happy day, with her mind bright and sharp to the end. And so she joins him again, and I'll remember them best, I know, in that scene she told me about, from their honeymoon, in Paris, in 1922, when they returned to the Crillon after an evening on the town, and faced one of those long hotel corridors with steamer trunks parked outside every room, and had the mad inspiration to negotiate the whole length of the corridor, hopping from trunk to trunk. So, laughing, jumping from trunk to trunk, full of life, the most gorgeous girl in America and the Ace of Aces made it back home again.

She is survived by her sons, David and William, and five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren, and her niece, Nedra, who cared for her with love during the last several years of her bodily frailty. I believe she will go straight to Heaven, which will never be the same, after this dauntless and merry soul has established residence. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Infinitive: To Witness

"They said they were going to kill us. I knew they meant it. George, my partner, knew it. We had just gone in to have a prayer meeting. We didn't realize, about one week before, a white policeman had killed a black teenager, and this gang had sworn to kill the first white man who came into their neighborhood. I was just standing there, praying, a crowd around me, a crowd around George. They were big fellows. They stole the keys out of our van. When I turned, one fellow had just swung at George from behind. The thing I did, I started witnessing to them. I said, 'Well, I know you can kill me. I'm ready to go. But if you knew Christ the way we do, instead of having hate in your hearts, you'd have love.' And then a white policeman came up on one of those little motorbikes. He said, 'Is there any trouble? You're not safe here.' In myself, humanly speaking, I wanted to say, 'Boy, you're right. Look, we're getting out. Just stay here, don't move.' But instead I actually said—I don't think it was me, I really don't—I said, 'It's okay, we'll be all right. Thanks for stopping by.' And he left. And we were alone. But the gang then, they lost it all. Gangs thrive on fear. They knew we weren't afraid. So they brought the keys and let us go."

Times Square. Nine P.M. Twenty-four degrees F. The Gospel will come out in grey-warm feathers of breath: God's Word made visible. Art Williams, full-time evangelist, has been transacting business. White shirt, tie, glasses, fur hat, the kind of fur hat you commute with. His van is a drop-leaf table. Engineered for witnessing. A fold-out shelf to stand on; an easel where he poster-paints—blue, yellow, green, red—his show-and-tell sermon. Williams has drawn the New Testament minimum: two or three are huddled together. Jesus would have had trouble in a cold country. Two or three, not counting one very stoned black with his badass razor-blade amulet hung at his open throat. The black sings: who was it said they all have rhythm? Williams can't get the Word in edgewise. His voice is Route 80 across Iowa, not much elevation or variety, but persistent as surface noise. Later the black will try hitting Williams for carfare. To New Jersey. That's big around town now: carfare to New Jersey. Figure it out: a subway token can't be worth the adroit panhandler's time/labor, and it isn't likely that anyone will sponsor your trip back to Miami Beach. So, New Jersey: one pint of cheap wine's worth away. Williams hands him a tract. That and fifty cents will get you to the Kingdom of God.

"I don't ever *want* to go out. The thing about open-air work is, there's always a certain amount of reproach, of making a fool of yourself in it. A lot of time in a meeting it just seems like you're preaching to air, your faith is tested, but it has pleased God, the Scripture says, by the foolishness of preaching to save those who believe."

He has four children. And I wonder about the ends of his months. "Our organization is called Open Air Campaigners. About sixty of us internationally, 12 in the U.S. There's no salary. I do this full time. A few times the money came in such a remarkable way that I couldn't trace it to anybody. I've tried. Generally, though, there are a number of churches who support us now. One sends fifteen dollars a month, one a hundred, to our Wheaton, Illinois headquarters, designated for my support. Of course, with a family the size of ours I couldn't begin to live on that, so the Lord makes up the difference every month." Art Williams is buoyant in that medium, Him. It's grace, graceful: to get free of the mean and unmanly fears. I know it can be done: on short notice. A matter of bright, unsuspicious commitment. I know. Yet, on the 31st, I'm afraid.

"We try to hit the Wall Street area once a week at the noon hour. Then we'll hold a children's meeting in the projects. The police are very cooperative. If you want a good place in this city, you just about have to go in a No Parking zone. A lot of people who do open-air work, they get into some kind of controversy and build a crowd on that. We don't. If people yell out we generally ignore them. I came here in 1962 from a small Indiana town. We were religious, quote-unquote. I was brought up in the church. It was morality; it was do-good. Religion gone dead. It's hard. The last place I'd want to live is in this big-city area. But God called me here and I can't argue it. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners and this is where you find them."

Catholics, Episcopalians: we're all so damned *courteous*. Collecting interest on a small remnant capital of faith: coupon-clippers in senile half sleep at the club. When last did you tell an atheist or—it's gauche, I know, forgive me—a Jew, a Hindu that their immortal souls were set at hazard? Not recently, I think. Okay, you believe in a historical Christ. I'll give you the benefit I give myself. But suppose it had come about on Seventh Avenue and last Friday, not on Golgotha some unimaginable, comfortable time ago? I

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mean, suppose a man dead. Right there. There. See. Dead and then, good God, *risen from that death*. The fact of it: the enormity. It'd ring changes on you. Even a sudden cancer, yours, couldn't accomplish more. And it's not something one planes down to Sunday. Face it: we'd all have vans and poster paint. We'd all be in a No Parking zone. Sure, you believe. Sure, I do.

Bull. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Napa Revisited

A few months ago, I spent some time in California's Napa Valley, an hour and a half north of San Francisco, where a great deal of wine is made. Some is extraordinarily good, and compares most favorably with the great wines of France, though not yet with the sublime ones. Napa Valley is one of the great wine regions of the world, thanks to varying climates and microclimates, soils, drainage, etc. It is also quite beautiful, surrounded by wooded mountains, rich in tree-shaded lanes, vineyards and more vineyards, and two charming little towns, St. Helena and Calistoga. There are some 43 wineries in Napa, many of which conduct tours and tastings. I can't recommend too highly a tour of Napa and its wineries to anyone in the neighborhood; it is one of the most pleasant and civilized experiences to be had in the United States.

Freemark Abbey is one of the wineries which make the best wines in Napa, and by that I mean very superior wines. It was founded in the early Sixties by a group of dedicated and knowledgeable enthusiasts who, sharing a taste in wine, pooled their resources and planted extensive acres with premium grapes. The winery was an old one, but the seven present owners invested in all the new facilities necessary to produce fine wines. It is found at the back of a picturesque old stone building; the front houses a gourmet shop and a candle shop—the mind boggles at the variety of candles and recoils in horror at some of them. There is also a restaurant somehow attached to the building, one of the few in Napa Valley. It could be much better, alas. Fortunately, the shops and restaurant have nothing to do with the Freemark Abbey winery. The place was never a monastery; it was named by a group of former owners who combined letters and syllables of their own names. Among the present partners, Charles (Chuck) Carpy stands out as *primus inter pares*, a giant of a man of incredible kindness, who must be the most beloved winemaker in Napa Valley.

Freemark Abbey wines are unmistakable—big, full-bodied, clean, with a sometimes very noticeable character of oak. Chardonnays and Cabernet Sauvignons are aged in the small sixty-gallon Nevers (French) oak, and the Johannesberg Riesling is finished in stainless steel tanks and 2,400-gallon American oak tanks. The general character of the wines is quite different from the fresh, fruity styles of other California wines. There has been an exception: the 1975 Johannesberg Riesling was made to be light, tart, and fruity, in contrast to the full-bodied, dry Johannesberg Rieslings of earlier years. It is a nice wine, but to my mind, (and tongue), the earlier Johannesbergs were more interesting. Chuck Carpy claimed it was an experiment, and they would go back to the earlier style.

Whatever California winemakers say, no California Johannesberg Riesling can ever match the German Rhines and Moselles, or even resemble them—for the simple reason that California soils and climates are different from the German ones and produce a different sugar–acid balance. Since nature has made it impossible to produce German-style Rieslings as good as the German ones, it makes sense to produce wine of a different style, as Freemark Abbey did and will do. I well remember when I first drank a Freemark Abbey Riesling. The wine was cooling in the bathroom basin in the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, and I sipped it by myself overlooking the city lights: a divine experience. Freemark Abbey also makes an extraordinary Spaetlese (late harvest) Johannesberg Riesling called Freemark Abbey Edelwein, one of the few sublime California wines, possibly the best Riesling made in California. Produced in 1973, it has a golden, glowing color, a delicate and sweet bouquet, a concentrated flavor with a hint of apricot. The Edelwein shows a definite botrytis character, like the German wines. It may be sweeter than a corresponding German wine, but a marvelous acidity livens it up. It is hard to come by, expensive ($18.75 a bottle), and rationed, but well worth every penny and difficulty of acquisition.

THE CHARDONNAYS are generally full-bodied rich wines with excellent keeping qualities. They have a fruity Chardonnay nose, with a definite oak flavor, and though the vintages vary in intensity (as in 1974) they are unmistakably Freemark Abbey. They stand up well to sturdy foods like roast loin of pork, ham, or roast duckling.

Cabernet Sauvignon is the only Freemark Abbey wine (except Red Table Wine) which is not a 100 per cent varietal; a little Merlot is blended into it. The wines have good fruit and are well-balanced, though here, the vintages vary as well. The 1971, the vintage currently sold, is somewhat tannic and should be bottled-aged for a few more years. The Cabernets are not my favorite Freemark Abbey wines since I prefer a slighter, more elegant, Cabernet. However, Cabernet Bosche, from a specific vineyard, has so specific a

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character that it is made and sold separately from the other Cabernet.

Other red varietals are Pinot Noir, a much lighter wine because of the way the Pinot Noir grape grows in California. Petite Sirah is not made every year, but the ones I tasted were full, very dark, peppery wines with a strong character and a long life—all a Petite Sirah should be.

One of the reasons for the outstanding character of Freemark Abbey wines is the winery's concern for their grapes; Chuck Carpy said it was essential to have tight control over them and, indeed, he is right. In my next Delectation, I will write about California and Napa grapes, what the University of California at Davis is doing about them, how the wineries treat them, etc.

Freemark Abbey wines are not cheap, but well worth the price if for no better reason than that they prove how fine California, and specifically Napa Valley, wine can be: Chardonnay, $7.50; Johannesberg Riesling, $4.60; Cabernets, $5 and $6; and Petite Sirah $5.50. The winery offers tours, but no tastings. Production is around 20,000 cases a year, which is small by California standards. I must also commend the winery for their information sheet for their retailers, which gives all the details about the wines currently sold, with unusual candor. □

RACES

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Gone with the Whip

Of the printed reactions to ABC's *Roots*, the most interesting is that of Roger Wilkins. Mr. Wilkins, now an editorial writer for the *New York Times*, is perhaps best described as a former Negro who suffers from the delusion that he is still a Negro, and that every thought he thinks is accordingly a genuine black thought. The truth is that he is really a white liberal, with all the parochialism and even ethnocentrism of the breed.

The three episodes of *Roots* that I saw were uneven but irresistible. How fitting that its ratings should rival those of *Gone with the Wind*, whose romanticization of the old South it complements by romanticizing slavery. The slaveowners are shown as uniformly cruel and stupid, but that is less implausible than the ennoblement of the slaves by their captivity. The trouble with systematic oppression is that it does debase so terribly, making its victims (except for the saints) mean and cowardly. Yet the blacks of *Roots* keep their dignity intact, leading a psychic double life, Tomming it for Massa, but, among themselves, secretly and indomitably proud. It has been charged that *Roots* played on white guilt, but I doubt it: how could one feel that these valiant sons of Africa had been essentially and permanently harmed? Their shuffling is all an act, their hearts remain pristinely leonine.

We are nowadays instructed to despise "stereotypes," but organized minorities demand that they be publicly depicted in "positive images." Wilkins acknowledges that *Roots* "has been criticized for some historical inaccuracies"—presumably of mere detail—but he contends that "they are as nothing compared with" the myths it displaces: *Roots* is "substantially closer to historical *and psychological* truth" than those old myths (my emphasis). This is quite unbelievable. The most remarkable thing about Alex Haley's family is that it managed to preserve its genealogy all the way back to Gambia; I know of no other black family that has done so. The sheer social indignity attached to being black has surely done more harm to Negroes than any merely material injury inflicted on them. This, I think, is the "psychological truth" of our racial history: that whole generations were made to grovel, with lasting consequences for their descendants. The value of *Roots* is that it imaginatively provides American blacks with a legitimizing lineage, a therapeutic myth and beneficent stereotype acceptable to both races, fostering black self-assurance while actually minimizing white guilt. The cruelties of whites in *Roots* are so monstrous that not even Lieutenant Calley could feel organically related to them. Those evils are 'way "back there," so egregious and discrete from routine racial snobberies as to let us all off the hook.

Though he admits it is unfair to blame today's whites for slavery, Wilkins presses his point: "The white vision of humanity has been so pervasive that it did indeed warp black people's perceptions of themselves." Spoken like a true son of the West, and particularly like a *Times* moralist. This remark identifies "white" with "vulgar white racist." Like most liberals, Wilkins assumes that Western universalism is universally shared. What, one wonders, is the Mandinka word for "humanity"? Or "equality"? Or, for that matter, "racism"? Perhaps the best way to suggest the "white vision of humanity"—the one that has prevailed—is to recall that the sentence "all men are created equal" was written, and urged upon the world (the white world) as a truth that ought to govern political arrangements, by a white man. A white slaveowner.

The very terms in which Wilkins lectures us are "white." So is *Roots*. It was produced by white executives who bet eight nights of prime television time that other whites would watch a serial that, superficially, portrayed their race unflatteringly. If we are, as the Garry Willses charge, "a racist society" (headed for "the second civil war"), the capitalists haven't heard about it.

On the contrary, we are a liberal society. The very concept of "racism" depends on a "vision of humanity" peculiar, as far as I know, to the civilization we have inherited—and preserved. Most people in this world are narrow and tribal, fearful of aliens, thinking of their own races as specially favored, chosen, destined to rule others. We Westerners may be proud of, and grateful for, the patrimony that teaches us to regard all men as endowed with rights. To be sure, all men want freedom—at least for themselves. But not all men want freedom for all men. To suggest that white men are unique in their residue of tribalism is to get everything backward. We are really distinguished by the extent to which we cherish the human capacity for transcendence. For all his excesses, even a Garry Wills is a credit to his race. Ditto Tom Wicker, and Roger Wilkins. They are only a little parochial in thinking that all men would turn out like us, if only we left them alone. But liberals are made, not born: tolerance is not genetic, but environmental.

White Americans, notes Mr. Wilkins, "were once capable of treating gross cruelty as the natural order of things." In this indignation there is a deep complacency. There is so very much gross

(Continues on page 285)

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BOOKS

Question of Intent

ROGER STARR

The Politics of Exclusion
By Michael N. Danielson
Columbia University Press, 635 pp., $17.50 hardcover; $6.95 paper

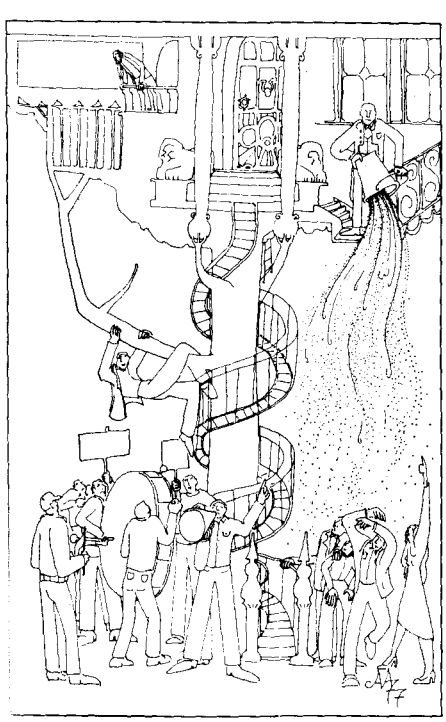
This carefully researched and cleanly written book tells its readers both more and less than they might reasonably want to know about suburban zoning and the bickering it causes. We get a surfeit of information about the legal details of schemes to put apartment houses or smaller homes in legal subdivisions whose residents, by and large, didn't want them. We get very few arguments explaining why such schemes are good, if indeed they are; or why that truth should be self-evident.

Danielson offers his readers long and repetitious quotes that tell what their authors have done in an attempt to modify zoning patterns that allegedly kept the poor out of the suburbs. But he provides little data to support his own basic contention that all this splendid effort would, if successful, have diminished the problems of urban poverty and racial disadvantage. It is simply Danielson's belief that there are jobs out there in those suburbs, juicy jobs; and that the poor peer through the broken windows of their urban grey areas, hankering for work and wages, but prevented from taking the jobs because they don't want to or can't afford to travel back and forth.

THERE ARE a great many troubles with this formulation, the most important of which is that it applies in fact only to a small part of the suburban landscape and a small number of the urban poor. Danielson has fallen into the unfortunate habit of calling everything outside the central city "suburbs" until, presumably, he runs into the Mojave Desert. In the United States I know and love, there is less similarity between Mahwah, New Jersey (a suburb where an automobile assembly plant is located) and Greenwich, Connecticut (a suburb where one isn't) than there is between the Grymes Hill section of the Borough of Richmond, City of New York (which resembles Panoramic Way in Berkeley, California) and Scarsdale, a suburb.

I think most people would agree that if Mahwah chooses to permit the construction of an assembly plant in its borders and receives real property taxes therefrom, it should be required to zone part of the land so that the autoworkers—who are not, however, going to be poor any longer—can live on it.

It is rather a different matter, I think, to require Greenwich, Connecticut to zone areas of its land so that poor people who do not work there will be able to live in Greenwich. In the first place, without work they will remain poor; which precisely confounds our aims. In the second place, being poor, they will find that their inability to provide themselves with housing is not cured simply by reducing the number of square feet of land dedicated to each housing unit. The reduction of the size of the lot requirement has a nasty way of increasing the value of the land per square foot; for the poor, the housing problem is not one of the lot size, but of the total cost of legally standard housing.



Danielson omits all serious discussion of the economics of zone-busting, not because he is careless or benighted; he is neither. He appears, however, to view the issue of suburban zoning as primarily a moral matter. Even more than I miss any consideration of economics do I miss a serious discussion of the moral issues raised by the question of exclusion.

I am prepared to assent to the argument of the most vigorous opponent of local control of zoning that the exclusion of people from the right to purchase land because of their racial or ethnic attributes is disgraceful. Refus-

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Alan Crawford *was a speechwriter for former Senator James L. Buckley. He is presently the associate editor of the* Morgantown *(West Virginia)* Dominion-Post. . . . **John Kiley** *is the author of the long-awaited and soon-to-be-published book,* The Art of Self-Rescue. . . . **Peter Minot** *sells used Corvairs in Vermont.* . . . **Thomas Molnar** *is a professor of French at Brooklyn College. His most recent book is* Authority and Its Enemies. . . . **Roger Starr** *is Henry Luce Professor of Urban Values at New York University.*

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ing persons access to a market because of such extraneous attributes is to me a self-evident wrong, violating the clear moral imperatives of the Declaration of Independence, and those who fight this wrong derive their moral strength from a serious view of the rights of man.

I do not believe that similar foundations exist to support the proposition that the right to participate in the market distribution of products and services carries concealed within it a guarantee of economic capacity to purchase whatever one might wish to own or use. Most particularly in the case of land as a location for one's residence, uniqueness constitutes an inevitable attribute. No piece is identical with another. I don't know how other moralists might decide who has the right to occupy a property which is demanded by more than one interest. In general, it seems to me that the ability to pay the highest price is the neatest way of settling the uniqueness question; and I think that the moral issue requires the imposition of the kind of restraints on exploitation that, without violating anyone's natural rights, will at least prevent the destruction of the unique value of the site itself. In short, it seems to me profoundly immoral to permit so many people access to a site for housing that the very quality of the site disappears under their pressure. Any moral theory based on egalitarianism as the object of social policy must stumble badly when it deals with the question of uniqueness. To press equal access to the unique means to divide the object, like Solomon's baby, destroying it for everyone.

THE MORAL basis of zoning seems to rest on its promise to offer the widest possible access to use of the land, while leaving intact the land's most important qualities. Each of these terms, to be sure, may be defined in any number of ways: proper morality leaves room for practical men to maneuver. It seems to me, however, that the morality of Danielson's allies rests on very different grounds, which do not survive serious examination. The anti-zoning morality can reflect concern with the normative consequences of zoning on either the excludee or the excluder; in my personal experience, those who quarrel with suburban zoning tend to be, as Macaulay said of puritans and bear-baiting, far more depressed by the glee of the onlooker than by the pains of the bear. In short, these folk think it's good to break up suburban zoning simply because the suburban people don't want it broken. Morality is provided here in the most elementary form of preaching to the suburbanites, seeking to enlarge the sense of guilt provoked by the contrast between their own style of life and the miserable living conditions in the central city grey areas. If this is in fact morality, it's only a penny's worth.

More substantial is the moral issue whether or not to provide social mobility for poor people living in cities. To the extent that they are excluded from suburbs with job opportunities—or excluded from any place on the basis of race, age, sex, or ethnicity—it is surely a moral imperative to seek to obtain their admittance to such areas. In recent days, the Supreme Court has helped to clarify the issue by redefining the grounds of its previous decisions, which had held that if a government ruling adversely affects blacks disproportionally to whites, it is *per se* discriminatory, whatever might have been its intent. The Court has now taken the position, in a zoning case, that discriminatory *intent* must be proved before the Court will overturn, on constitutional grounds, a zoning plan. I believe that this decision helps to clarify the moral issues; surely it is based on the soundest of all grounds—i.e., it agrees with my personal position. Danielson's book leaves the impression that all the activity of the zoning activists must be good. But one might as sensibly apply the question of intent to the one side as to the other. If zone-busting is intended seriously to improve the prospects of the poor or those excluded from the suburbs upon non-economic grounds, the activists' impulse is a worthy one; if it is intended primarily to scourge the affluent, it is wasted effort deserving of support from nobody —not even from the poor in behalf of whose interests it claims to operate. □

Roots
By Alex Haley
Doubleday, 587 pp., $12

ALL IN THE FAMILY

ALAN CRAWFORD

"The end of the American artist's pilgrimage to Europe is the discovery of America," Leslie Fiedler writes. So, too, the American artist's pilgrimage (if he is black) to Africa: after 12 years of research and half a million miles of travel, Alex Haley has discovered an America that is feasting on his book and has devoured a television adaptation as well. Haley thus finds himself an Instant Celebrity, that most American form of notoriety and one which, I suspect, leaves him feeling most ambivalent. For the mission—there is no other word—he undertook over a decade ago was an intensely personal one, so personal in fact that his closeness to the subject accounts for the strength of *Roots*—a work of decidedly mixed parts—as well as for its weakness.

THIS ASTONISHINGLY resourceful account of the "lost tribe of a great black family" (Haley's own) opens with the birth and young manhood of Kunta Kinte, who in the year 1676 was abducted while chopping wood in his native West Africa and shipped on the *Lord Ligonier* to "'Naplis," Maryland where he was sold into slavery for $850 at the age of seventeen.

Taken to Spotsylvania County, Virginia and renamed Toby, he repeatedly tries to escape, only to have a foot chopped off by professional slave-catchers ("patyrollers"). He marries an American slave and fathers a daughter, Kizzy, whom he entertains with tales of their African genesis, calling the river "Kamby Bolongo," a guitar "ko," and himself not Toby but "Kunta Kinte." At 15, Kizzy is raped by a new Massa, an ambitious North Carolina cracker, and gives birth to a mulatto son, called Chicken George. Following Kizzy's example, George tells his own son, Tom, of his great-grandfather from Africa who performed African "voodoo." After the Civil War, a mature Tom moves his family to Henning, Tennessee where he becomes a gifted blacksmith and his daughter marries a

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME MARCH TITLES: In *The American Catholic: A Social Portrait* (Basic Books, $15), Andrew M. Greeley argues that the real American Catholic is more likely to resemble Carter Burden than Archie Bunker. . . . *The Distant Drum: Reflections on the Spanish Civil War* (McKay, $9.95) is a collection of reconsiderations and reminiscences of the Spanish Civil War by such people as Hugh Thomas, Brian Crozier, and Dennis Ferguson. It is edited by Philip Toynbee, who contributes an essay, "Journal of a Naïve Revolutionary." . . . Walker Percy is publishing a new novel, *Lancelot* (Farrar, $8.95). . . . *Nixon vs. Nixon: An Emotional Tragedy* (Farrar, $10.95) by David Abrahamsen, MD., analyzes the mind of the Antichrist. . . . Roxane Witke was the college professor who traveled to China to meet the hapless Madame Chiang Ch'ing, leader of the Gang of Four whose bones are now presumably flavoring somebody's bowl of hot-sour soup. Miss Witke's book, based upon sixty hours of interviews, is entitled *Comrade Chiang Ch'ing* (Little, Brown, $15). It purports to be the Duchess' life story. . . . The author of *Convention* (Harcourt, $10) is not Arthur Hailey but Richard Reeves, the political journalist who was present at and about Madison Square Garden when Governor Jimmy Carter went over the top. . . . Ralph de Toledano has written a new Preface to the Second Edition of *The Greatest Plot in History* (Arlington, $8.95), the story of the Soviet conspiracy to steal the secret of the A-bomb.

■ OF NOTE to those of our readers who have recently been introduced to the pleasures of sailing: *Yachtman's Choice: The Best of Rudder* (McKay, $9.95), selected by the editors.

■ FIND-OUT-FOR-YOURSELF DEPARTMENT: *How to Save Your Own Life* (Holt, $8.95), by Erica Jong.

■ AMERICA'S BEST BRAINS DEPARTMENT: In *The American Monomyth* (Doubleday, $8.95) Robert Jewett and John Shelton Lawrence argue that "the Monomyth" seduces Americans into believing that they can have "vigilantism without lawlessness, repression without resultant perversion, and moral infallibility without the use of intelligence." As you can see, the American monomind continues to function overtime with no regard to the natural gas crisis.

lumber-yard owner so prosperous he can afford to send his daughter—the author's mother—to college. And nowhere down this tortured lineage is the story of Kunta Kinte allowed to be forgotten. Even as the author sat on his grandmother's porch as a child, he too was regaled with stories of "the African," who, he was made to understand, was the father of them all.

AS A YOUNG journalist, Haley became fascinated with this family history and, sifting through court records, family Bibles, legal deeds, and shipping logs, allowed himself eventually to be led back to Africa. There, in the village of Juffure, in the Gambia, he listened to a wizened *griot* whose narrative at last made reference to "the African" himself, "the eldest of these four sons, Kunta, who went away from his village to chop wood . . . and was never seen again."

What follows, unfortunately, is Haley's account of this, his Satori in Africa, his "peak experience." The Gambian natives realize—it dawns on the author—that he is one of them, "one of those," the *griot* says, "who are in exile in that place called America."

Haley, it is distressing to learn, truly believes that he has been, well, Called—that everything in his life to date had led him back to the Gambia. Convinced that the very characters in *Roots*—Kunta, Kizzy, Chicken George, and the rest—are "up there watchin'," he becomes a man possessed. And the book suffers for it. Laboring to fashion a prose which properly conveys the solemnity of his quest, he churns out a barrage of what at times approaches a sort of jitney Miltonian rhetoric.

The result is solemn indeed—and humorless, too. When Haley is not manufacturing pomposities, he lapses into jargon (he refers to one of Chicken George's "most richly warming life experiences") or cliché (he describes the North and South as "locked together like stags in mortal combat"). Worse yet, he peoples the book with an all-too-predictable cast of "lusting Massas," wailing mammies, and squealing pickaninnies for which Haley owes more to Frank Yerby and Kyle Onstott, I suspect, than to 12 years of research.

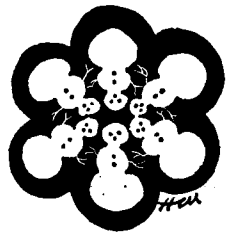
Still, there is much to like in this book, even to admire, despite the fact that its noble intent outshines its execution. One can perhaps forgive Haley his zeal, for the real story may lie between the lines: that of the quest itself, an account of which Haley is presently writing. In the forthcoming book, let us hope that Haley the journalist restrains Haley the family man. □

Me & Ralph:
Is Nader Safe for America?
By David Sanford
New Republic Books, 135 pp., $7.95

PUBLIC CITIZEN

BY PETER MINOT

David Sanford, the managing editor of *The New Republic*, has written a sometimes outraged, frequently witty, and always cogent account of his evolution from a friend and defender of Ralph Nader to one of his sharpest and most devastating critics. *Me & Ralph* makes no pretense of being a full-length portrait of this "people's advocate" who has pinwheeled his way from issue to issue. Nor does it systematically analyze Mr. Nader's writings, charges, and other folklore. It is instead a personal account of Mr. Sanford's relationship with the man, adorned by the comments of those who once followed in the footsteps of consumerism's guru and drawing only occasionally on previous books and critiques. That *Me & Ralph* should have come from the typewriter of the reporter who, by disclosing that General Motors had set detectives on his trail, made Mr. Nader a national figure, is but one of the book's ironies.



Mr. Sanford's treatise is subtitled, *Is Nader Safe for America?*—and by the time you have turned the last page, you will be in little doubt about where the author stands. The point of view can be summed up in one sentence from the introduction: "Some of my sources"—and they include many whose lives were linked with Mr. Nader's—"have seen him lie, cover up, falsely accuse antagonists, mistreat employees, disown mistakes, and behave contrary to the legend that he has tolerated, indeed nurtured, about himself." Sanford but-

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tresses these observations by ex-Naderites with stories of his own experiences in Mr. Nader's gravelly vineyard. His approach is anecdotal, and in the long run his may be a more effective way of dismantling the Nader myth than that of a learned dissertation.

FOR THOSE who put some credence in Mr. Nader's thunderings against corporate finance, it will come as a surprise that he dabbles in the stock market. Mr. Sanford, moreover, produces some evidence that Mr. Nader was trading in Ford Motor Company stock at the time that he was demolishing General Motors' Corvair. Mr. Nader has variously said that 1) the stock was not his but had been "bequeathed" to his mother, and 2) that it had simply been given to him. The issue will of course not be settled until he renounces his vow of silence on all matters pertaining to his personal finances and/or those of the organizations he controls.

Though Mr. Nader has promised for years to give a full accounting of the millions which have been entrusted to his care by worshipping supporters and a scattering of tax-free foundations, he has to date steadfastly avoided what should have come naturally to one who demands complete disclosure from all and sundry, in and out of public life. Mr. Sanford delved into the finances of Public Citizen, Inc., a major Nader organization, to the extent that the pertinent facts were available from IRS files on tax-exempt organizations. Created in 1971, Public Citizen solicited funds to be used to protect the consumer against capitalist avarice. A substantial amount of the money raised was plowed back into subsequent solicitation. Yet, by the end of 1974, Public Citizen had squirreled away, according to Mr. Sanford, some $1.3 million, most of it invested in certificates of deposit—a tidy little nest egg.

Does the ascetic Ralph Nader really live in that shabby $20-a-week furnished room? Mr. Sanford adduces a substantial amount of evidence to show that Mr. Nader's asceticism stops at the public-relations level and that he lives in a $100,000 house near the Washington Hilton, presumably owned by his brother, which he approaches in the evening with a newspaper to his face and leaves surreptitiously in the morning.

Did Mr. Nader desist from pressing for no-fault insurance, which he had once espoused, because of a $10,000 contribution to one of his satellite organizations, the American Trial Lawyers Association, which opposed it? Mr. Sanford's researches on this matter lead him to the conclusion that Mr. Nader's *ad hominem* denials were hardly candid.

Ralph Nader, says Mr. Sanford, is "an authoritarian, a man on a white horse." And he concludes: "In 1965, he was satisfied to destroy the Corvair. In 1975, he would remake America. Whether Ralph Nader is a man of the past or a man of the future depends on whether the people . . . are as gullible as he thinks they are." □

The Deadly Innocents: Portraits of Children Who Kill
By Muriel Gardiner
Preface by Stephen Spender
Basic Books, 190 pp., $8.95

RELAX, ENJOY

JOHN KILEY

This is a book made to order for anyone who is feeling sorry for himself: a couple of hours with the true stories of some ten benighted human souls told by a prison psychiatrist should put one's little miseries into perspective. Tom, one of the "deadly innocents" of the book, who was starved, whipped, and isolated first by his parents and then by his uncle and aunt who took him in after he was jailed for stealing food, finally acted. He was 14. "Tom went into the furnace room. He picked up one of his uncle's guns, and, pausing only to make sure it was loaded, went upstairs to where Harry, Bertha, and Catherine were sitting at the breakfast table. Tom raised the gun, and carefully shot his uncle, then his aunt, then Catherine." The provocation? His uncle's strangling of Tom's beloved pussycat and the desecration of its grave. The cause? Dr. Gardiner seems to know that psychiatry is not an Aristotelian science: "*Why* did it happen? Why did any of these crimes happen? What made this particular boy or girl commit a crime? Without a much deeper study of the unconscious drives, there is no definitive answer."

Oh, those convenient "unconscious drives," which save appearances for the behavioral scientist even if little else is saved! I mean things like classical Western doctrines about the Fall of Man, the curing power of religion, the human thirst for God, the vanity and emptiness of animal satisfactions, etc. These truths have been lost, or rather abandoned, by most behavioral scientists because they are "unproved," and the promised Eden of the behaviorist's blurb has degenerated into something closer to an Hieronymus Bosch nightmare.

What Dr. Gardiner gives us, then, is a very modest narrative which, as Stephen Spender points out in the preface, is "not so much concerned with explaining why young people commit homicides as describing the conditions in which some of them have done so." At this important task she has succeeded: the stories are as compelling as a strong astringent on the morning throat. Who can read the tale of Gloria, the talented, doomed black girl; of Rose, unloved by her own family and denied adoption by a Gentile family; of Peter, driven to rage by a mother consumed by thrift—each of whom killed within the family—without pity for the victims or gratitude for a self-favoring Providence? One meets over and over again in these pages the mystery of the truly luckless individual, wretchedly spawned and programmed for tragedy, unwanted, unloved, damned by unrelieved circumstance to pain, waste, frustration, crime and punishment, and there arises spontaneously the question that secularism in vain prohibits, bearing on the goodness, on the very being, of God. Why them? Why this focusing of misery on these, our hapless brothers and sisters? For, to quote Spender again, "Muriel Gardiner's achievement is to make us feel that we ourselves could have lived the lives of these young offenders. She makes us understand them and their circumstances. The reader will often feel, 'There, but for the grace of God (or for my privileged social and family circumstances), go I.'"

Why is one human being so luckless as to be born into a family totally unfit to provide for his humanizing through enlightened care, while another (you or I) receives this in abundance? Spender: "One of the strongest impres-

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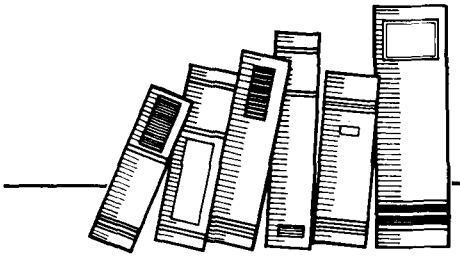

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

AGITATORS FOR national health insurance assume as a matter of course that problems in our medical economy result from private failure and require correction through public intervention.

By slow degrees this well-nigh universal axiom is giving way to factual studies that show the relationship is quite the other way around: that the medical problems we experience, with few exceptions, are caused by government intervention in the marketplace, and that further interventions will almost surely make them worse. The point has begun to emerge in tentative fashion from studies conducted by the government itself, as it tries to grapple with the nightmare of rising health-care costs. Thus the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, in its recently published *Forward Plan for Health* (U.S. Government Printing Office, $1.90), acknowledges that the prevailing system of third-party payment —in which 90 per cent of hospital costs and two-thirds of physicians' bills are picked up for the patient—is "perhaps the principal factor contributing to rising health-care costs."

Unfortunately, the HEW authors demurely fail to note that this mistaken system is a creation of the government, promoted by explicit subsidy through Medicare and Medicaid, tax breaks for group insurance plans, and legal advantages extended to the Blues. Rather than attacking the prior interventions that have created our distress, HEW's experts propose to give us a tangled patchwork of further interventions, including Professional Standards Review Organizations, maximum allowable costs for drugs, and the like.

More candid in dealing with the fundamental issues is a valuable study from the executive office of the President, *The Complex Puzzle of Rising Health Care Costs* (Council on Wage and Price Stability, available free). This is a first-rate economic survey which clearly isolates the basic problem—the fact that government action of various kinds has virtually wrecked the medical pricing system. This volume focuses not only on third-party incentives to maximum consumption, but also on the federal practice of reimbursing health providers according to costs and customary charges (spend more, get more), and the further upward spiral of spending required by federal bureaucracy and red tape.

These government surveys are extremely useful, but only *hors d'oeuvres* to the main course of this discussion: a brilliant analysis of what afflicts our medical economy, edited by Prof. Cotton Lindsay of UCLA and featuring contributions by Martin Feldstein, Leon Kass, Arthur Seldon, Keith D. Leffler, and other authorities in health economics. The fruit of their endeavor, *New Directions in Public Health Care* (Institute for Contemporary Studies, $3.95), is the finest study of health-care finance I have yet encountered—a treasure-trove of medical fact and economic science.

I HAVEN'T sufficient space to extol the many merits of this book, but must content myself with noting that it correctly traces official responsibility for the present mess, explains the crucial importance of the pricing system in allocating medical resources, and projects the further miseries that must inevitably result from national health insurance. Above all, this volume does admirably what government planners have failed to do at all—weigh the *costs* of various modes of action against the promised benefits.

All the contributions are impressive, but readers wanting to get to the nub of the subject in a hurry are referred to chapter eight (by Lindsay and Leffler), "The Long Term Effects of National Health Insurance on Medical Care Price and Output." Here are traced the disastrous impact of Medicare and Medicaid in pushing up health-care prices, the alternate distortions of the supply and demand sides of the medical equation, and the substitution of queueing for dollar payment when the pricing system is negated. This chapter alone, if widely read and fully comprehended, would stop the drive for national health insurance in its tracks. □

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sions this book makes on me is that if I had been born into the circumstances of one of these children, I would have acted very much as they did."

Sentimental liberal nonsense? The nonsense, I rather think, is the socio-political drive to "Edenize" our human world by requiring God, political leaders, the planetary economy, the people, whoever or whatever, to provide everybody with social advantages on the Spender model. That will *never* be done. We will always have the poor with us, as Christ assured us. It may be social heresy to say it but who will prove *theologically* that the following two propositions are wrong: 1) *Everything that is* is divinely designed to suit His purposes, and 2) His purposes are infinitely benign? To put it philosophically but not I think heretically, God has the power to keep every human crime, suffering, or tragedy from becoming ontologically serious. Badly raised children are killing their relatives? Epidemics are wiping out civilizations? Injustice is triumphant? Relax. Enjoy. Even God knows that a Divine Comedy needs good guys and bad guys, a scary plot and melodramatics to keep the customers awake. □

Why Marxism?
By Robert G. Wesson
Basic Books, 281 pp., $12.95

WHY WESSON?

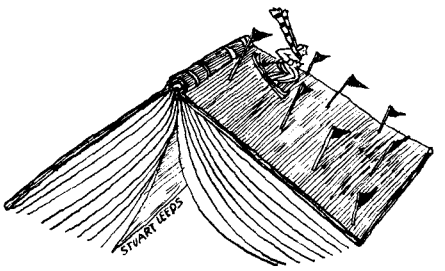
THOMAS MOLNAR

The subtitle of Robert G. Wesson's book—"the continuing success of a failed theory"—is an apt summary not only of this study but of the possibly thousands of volumes written on precisely the same subject. Marxologists seem never to tire of exploring the causes of the great success story, just as scholars devoted to Christian teachings never tire of exploring the reasons for the triumph of Christianity. But while Christian writers have frequently been willing to repose their answer in the divinity of Christ, Marxists have been a great deal more critical of their Redeemer, whom they often describe as an imitator, a compiler, an "average" economist, and even a compromiser. More, they do not leave it to the natural enemies of Marxism to rake the Communist regimes with devastating criticisms: revisionists like Djilas, Korsch, Bloch, and Kolakowski have denounced those governments as treasonous, statist-capitalist, engulfed in bureaucratic counterrevolution. To what, then, can one attribute the success, not only of Marxist doctrine, but of the Marxist regimes that doctrine inspired?

This tormenting question breaks down into three parts. Why, as Neil McInnes asked in *The Western Marxists*, are intellectuals attracted to Marxism — systematically anti-metaphysical, materialistically anti-Hegelian, intellectually a mediocre contribution to political economy? Why, as Wesson asks, did Marxist revolution carry the day in Russia at a time when social conditions there had been upgraded almost to a Western standard—and why, we might ourselves ask, does it threaten *not* to explode within the prosperous, almost classless, West? Finally, why—as Alfred Fabre-Luce, the prestigious French publicist, has demanded—do people around the world regard it as the cure for every ill, when the existing Communist regimes are notoriously deficient in freedom as in bread?

Wesson attempts diligently to answer all these questions, but his very desire to review every issue submerges the most likely answer in an ocean of facts that could have been culled from the newspapers. His best chapter is "Marxism for the Pre-Capitalists," a much-needed look at Third World aspirations, myths, and realities that are generally treated condescendingly by conservative political writers. Characteristically, the least satisfying chapter deals with the subject of "Marxism in the Western World." Here Wesson makes the mistake of discussing a limitless, amorphous topic without having first discovered a guiding thread. The thread that he ought to have taken up leads from the sense of a loss of *being* by Western philosophers of the seventeenth century to the adoption, by Western philosophers in the twentieth century, of ideologies which construct substitute *beings*. If this is an "abstract" explanation, so be it. It might perhaps be granted to me to argue that if Western intellectuals had not adopted Marxism as their ersatz *being*, the world would today regard the Soviet Union as it regarded the Russia of Ivan the Terrible, and for the same reasons. Russia, after all, has been feared and despised throughout history: even when the Czar was a suave and popular hero at the Congress of Vienna, Talleyrand instructed the French delegation that, if Alexander insisted on annexing Poland, France would at once mobilize its just-defeated army.

BUT THE question remains: Why has *Marxism* best filled the philosophers' ontological abyss, and best fulfilled the needs of the intellectuals? One answer —an all-too-brief one—points to its scientific pretensions, to its offer of an all-encompassing view as against the relativism and fragmentation of liberalism, and to its proclamation of an imminent utopia. It has also served as an instrument of God, chastising sinful Christians. From a Protestant magazine of 1933 (not further identified by Emmanuel Mounier, who quoted from it that same year): "Let us rejoice! Mankind has accumulated so much moral dirt that divine cleansing [the author is referring to the militant persecution of Christians in the Soviet Union] must perhaps begin by total negation. Faith will not be torn from the hearts of the persecuted. But afterward they will be better prepared to meet



Him!" "We are all utopians now," Irving Kristol remarked recently: in other words, we in this twentieth century are all potential Marxists: intellectuals, government, the churches. Our public mood is Marxist. And not only in the West but in the Third World too, where governments and bureaucracies are staffed with the disciples of Western professors.

Toward the end of his book, Wesson defines his undertaking as "an inquiry into the strength of ideology in the

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contemporary world" and concludes that ideology is in decline. Thus Marxism—"an unhappy, disturbing creed . . . part of the malaise of modernization," accompanying such phenomena as the rural exodus and the growing pains of industrialism—also begins to wear out. Wesson's, alas, is a false diagnosis of ideology, and hence of the future of Marxism. Ideologies are not finished, although disillusioned Marxists would like to believe that they are the philosophers, still far from a recognition of reality as a substratum of change, continue to pull them from their magic hats—existentialism, structuralism, psychologism, situation ethics, each with its tediously similar political froth. The basis of modernism, and hence of ideology, is not the plight of uprooted peasantry nor the trauma of industrial production (that is Karl Mannheim's line) but a pathology of the soul. Marxism itself becomes embedded in both the dying and the emerging regimes, as witness the dismantled institutions, the monolithic structure of governments, and the reduction of civil society to its minimal existence. Wesson is correct—new forms are emerging; but they do not announce a tranquil age, only the clash and collision of regimes, races, and—yes!—ideologies. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, *by Alun Chalfont (Atheneum, 365 pp., illus., $12.95)* Field Marshal Montgomery was probably the most annoying man to hold a high command in World War II. A wiry, driven little figure whose insecurity led him to over-organize everything from his mess arrangements to his battle plans, Montgomery was incapable of dealing on equal terms with anyone. His flair for showmanship—and his very real solicitude for his men's welfare—won him the affection of the other ranks and his paternalistic tyrannizing secured the blind worship of many young staff officers. But to Churchill he was "a little man on the make," and Eisenhower, after years of patiently enduring Monty's petty barbs, finally privately characterized him as "a man that just can't tell the truth." Anyone who was in England early in 1976 when the Field Marshal finally died at the age of 88 could immediately sense the contrast between the reverence of sincerely mourning old rankers and the comments—always far from affectionate—of most of the surviving senior officers who had actually to deal with him personally on something approaching an equal footing. The resentment and insecurity that made Montgomery overbearing with his peers and intractable with superiors (he resisted almost every senior authority symbol from his mother on up and never had a good word to say about that unfortunate and very harried Victorian lady), also made him hesitate to follow through on victories like Alamein. At heart, he so doubted himself that he couldn't really believe that he had won. The fear of a reverse, and the attendant humiliation, never left him. Nevertheless, Montgomery was a thorough, intelligent soldier with a genius for mass public relations, and Alun Chalfont, who obviously loathes the man (an easy enough thing to do), still does justice to the soldier. On the personal side, however, the Chalfont biography manages to be every bit as bitchy and malicious as its subject (which *isn't* very easy).

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

DISTORTIONS, *by Ann Beattie (Doubleday, 283 pp., $7.95). Distortions* is about crazy people. If they aren't now completely crazy, they have been, or they are balancing precariously on the edge. Ann Beattie writes as if she has been crazy, or has been balancing on the edge for so long that she knows just what it is to be crazy. After a few stories, you realize that you too are balancing on the edge, if you haven't already tumbled over into the abyss. Queer people live in the abyss. There is a dwarf who marries another dwarf, a woman who is afraid she might disappear while her husband is away, another woman who believes she is a reincarnated cat, a man who forgets and calls his wife to come, like a dog. Sometimes, the people who inhabit Ann Beat-

tie's stories, who think they are normal and whom everybody else thinks are normal, are really the craziest of all. They just won't act out their fantasies. If you act out your fantasies, like spontaneously cutting your hair all over the living room floor, or quitting school at 13 to live in a tent, you are crazy. Supposedly, normal people don't *have* fantasies. Ann Beattie writes about crazy people in simple, concise language, the way they speak. They don't speak very often. Nor do they say very much. Mrs. Beattie says a lot, but in a very disciplined way. Sometimes, her characters are sad, like the old ones who no longer have power over their own lives, or the young ones who are afraid to assume such powers of personal autonomy. Sometimes, they are so crazy they don't remember enough to be sad. You grow sad, too, after thinking about the stories, because you see that Mrs. Beattie's world is a real one, not a *King of Hearts*-style asylum. Husbands do run away in real life, women do love and hate their men at the same time, children do kill other children on purpose; families live together but the members are alone. The dark side of life can distort anyone's vision of reality. This is what she is saying in those short, disciplined phrases, full of humor and sadness and bitter reflection. Beattie knows just what it is to be crazy, and she tells it so well that, at the end of the book, you can only wonder how you have avoided falling into the abyss of your own distortions. LAURIE PROTHRO

AS IT WAS: *An Inside View of Politics and Power in the '50s and '60s, by Henry Cabot Lodge (Norton, 224 pp., $8.95).* This little book would have been better titled *Like It Was*, and then written to its title instead being written as it was, almost wholly without wit or grace and nearly devoid of content. The writing is sufficiently amateurish or awkward to make the volume feel like a vanity press publication. It is a sort of one-man *festschrift*, by the festschriftee, concerning his years as advisor to President Eisenhower: "How Close I was to Ike"—a matter not under any doubt whatever. The "Inside View" is through Lodge's notes to Ike, some of "DE's" replies, "letters, memoranda, and things vividly remembered although never written down," and Lodge's present-day reflections. He says in the forward that he believes much of the story of this volume is primary source material. Story it is not. The arrangement of the material is disjointed—a time machine on the fritz. Chapters *seem* to be ordered by topic, not chronology. Yet in "Suez, Hungary Crises; Travels in Central Asia, Lebanon"—a potpourri itself—there are only a few minor mentions of the Hungarian Revolution. That seems an extraordinary omission, given the significance of Hungary (Joe McCarthy is dealt with at length). Perhaps Lodge continues to be embarrassed by the U.S. response; perhaps it simply happens that he had no advice for DE at the time and so had nothing to record in this volume. Primary source material this volume may be: students of electoral politics should be interested in Lodge's advice (of twenty years ago) to the General on using television and manipulating the news—uh—presenting the issues. History is where you find it, and that is not always in the pages of the historians. *They* must be able to write, as opposed to the players on the stage who need only act and whose writings, as in this case, may be less rewarding than the evening news.

DANIEL OLIVER

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

A[BRAHAM] LINCOLN:

Cooper Union Speech

Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored—contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man.

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SOBRAN

(Continued from page 276)

cruelty in the world that only recently has it occurred to people to try to abolish it: to institutionalize kindness, so to speak. A noble aspiration, yes—but to presume that it is feasible to do so, let alone "the natural order of things," is naïve. People who flee slavery and tyranny are usually grateful to get away with their own hides. Abolitionism is as a rule beyond the scope of their imaginations.

Perhaps the best way to bring the point home to a liberal of Mr. Wilkins' stripe is to point to refugees from the Soviet bloc. How many of them think in terms of doing away with Communism? Are they encouraged by the likes of Mr. Wilkins and his colleagues at the *Times* to think of the Soviet regime as something other than the natural order of things? Most people know that evil is here to stay, and that they can do little more about it than to weed their own gardens. It is hard enough to secure a small area of peace and order.

Margaret Mead, that queen mother of liberalism, has observed that "under the manifest fear of miscegenation lies the knowledge that all forms of cultural behavior can be lost, that they are dearly purchased and dearly kept." And it was Edmund Burke who told us that we can ascend to universal charity only from a base of loyalty to the "little platoons" of our origins. The value of *Roots* is not that it has much diminished ordinary human narrowness and irrationality—which Mr. Wilkins seems to suppose are monstrous aberrations (he is *such* a liberal)—but that it has established a desirable social fiction, one apt to encourage a concrete historical bond of affection of white for black Americans. □

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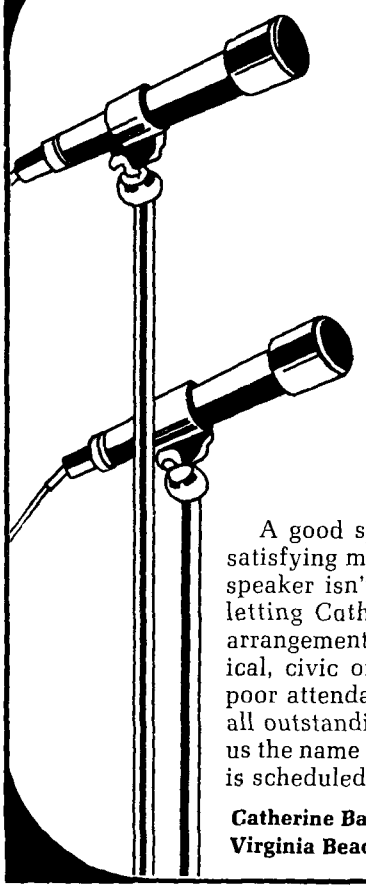

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Argentine Terror

Buenos Aires, Feb. 1—More people have been executed here by terrorists and counterterrorists in the past couple of years than in France during the Revolution. The killings here are less ritualistic: there is no guillotine, no roll of drums, but the results are as conclusive. Yesterday, a dear young thing, third-year student in psychology at the university, a businessman's daughter who had ingratiated herself with the local police chief, left a package on his desk which in due course exploded, killing the chief, his assistant, and wounding several others in the area, including an 11-year-old boy.

SHE WOULD be a so-called Montonero, not to be confused with the ERP. The latter, a tightly organized, military revolutionary group, were attacking police and military installations in force during the last days of Isabellita Perón. They are mostly dead now. The former, though left-ideologists who think of themselves as vaguely Trotskyist, behave rather like the Narodniki in Russia, early in the century, going about killing people, preferably officials of the Argentine government but, failing a nubile target, anybody will do. The best friend of Argentina's leading sociologist was driving down the road with his seven children. His car was stopped, a stranger leaned into the window, drew a pistol, and killed the father in the sight of his seven children.

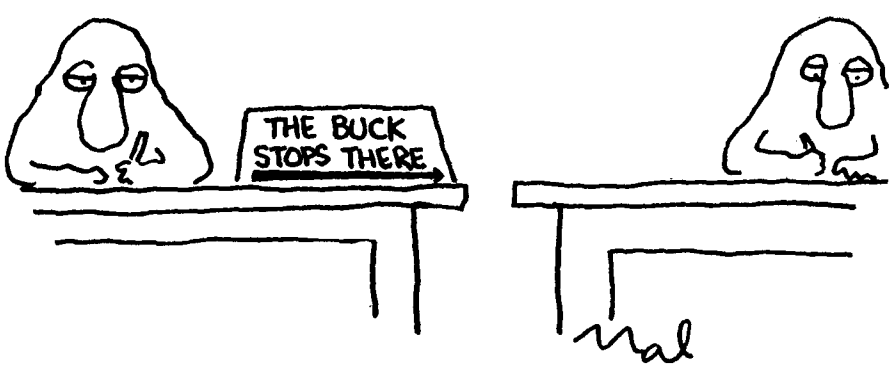
The Montoneros were originally the militant fighting division of Peronism. But when after 18 years Perón was finally permitted back in Argentina and took power, he condemned the terrorists. But he turned the army loose only against the ERP, hoping to domesticate the Montoneros by extra-voltages of his special charisma. In fact they flourished. When Perón died in July 1974, his wife Isabella succeeded to the presidency, and, although she was the formal chief executive, the army and the police began exercising their own initiatives and the general crackdown began. Mrs. Perón, who trained for the presidency of Argentina as a young nightclub dancer, and as a graduate of three years of formal education undertaken at ages five to eight, relied primarily on her "super-minister" Lopez Rega for decisions. Lopez Rega, in turn, relied on the moon, and chicken entrails—he was a devoted astrologer and mystic. The decisions he made in due course brought on a 600 per cent inflation rate, and a chaos so general as to cause universal relief when the army finally took over in March of 1976. Lopez Rega not only wrecked the country, he set back the cause of astrology for years to come, and discredited an entire generation of chickens.

And so Argentina began to limp its way back. Back to what? It can't be said, with any sense of historical conviction, that Argentina is heading back toward a democracy that never took convincing root here. If Argentina could get itself a Francisco Franco, the people would probably settle for him gratefully; forty years of peace, minimal terror and repression, though, to be sure, none of the delights of political liberty. As it is, the principal member of the junta, General Videla, is that unusual creature, a truly reluctant president. Technically, he is *primus inter pares*: that is to say, his two partners, the heads of the navy and air force, can jointly overrule him, though he serves as chief executive officer. It is generally believed that nothing would please President Videla more than to become, once again, just plain General Videla. He is criticized, paradoxically, not for taking too much power, but for taking too little. Without power, there's no responsibility. It is unquestionably the case that there is excessive violence in Argentina, even though motivated by the desire to repress violence. It is extremely difficult to fine-tune an anti-terrorist campaign. People who reach for their pistols or their shotguns at the sight of a terrorist or a suspected terrorist are not trained at West Point. In the United States we trained Lt. Calley at Fort Benning, and his approach to terrorism was My Lai. When the police in Los Angeles moved in on the Symbionese Liberation Army, and cremated practically the entire thing, the American public sat watching the firestorm on their television sets and eating popcorn without much thought to due process. It is so in Argentina, though the question is unanswered: If the Montoneros are finally controlled, will the blood lust slake? □

A LITTLE PATIENCE

Buenos Aires, Feb. 4 — Jorge Luis Borges tends to avoid politics. He is, after all, preoccupied. At 77, arguably the best living writer in the world, he is blind and has been for twenty years; having read *The Divine Comedy* in Italian only 11 times, he is in a hurry to get back to it, though of course it will need now to be read to him. He has written 35 books, so he is busy at work on three new ones simultaneously.

When Perón first came to power 32 years ago, Borges exerted himself politically to the extent of signing a manifesto against him. In return, Borges' mother and sister were put in



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prison, and Borges lost his job in the library. He will engage himself politically nowadays only "when the barbarians are at the gate." Then the big question: what is his position on the ruling junta in Argentina? "They are gentlemen." He would go no further.

In a sense he did not need to do so. General Videla, by almost everyone's estimate, is that. Well, will he lead Argentina to democracy? Borges' answer: "Perhaps in a hundred years." But on reflection a few moments later he interrupted himself. "You had better make that five hundred years." Now, General Videla has said he wishes to head his country toward democracy, but he would no sooner venture to put a date on its realization than Abraham Lincoln would have given a date for the ending of the Civil War after the Battle of Bull Run. There is simply too much to do, too many people being killed, too many people suffering from the economic dislocation caused by the terrorists.

Life, to be sure, goes on. During the Second World War, Oxford and Cambridge still rowed against each other. The other day, the annual International Ocean Sailing Race, Buenos Aires to Rio, took off: 32 boats, one American entry. At the Yacht Club here it was all clutter, bars doing great business, beautiful women coming in to see their husbands and sweethearts take off.

ONLY STRANGERS noticed what Argentines take for granted: several dozen soldiers with automatic weapons. There was enough firepower at the Argentina Yacht Club to level a moderate-sized town. At the local school for the children of foreign executives, the enrollment is down 75 per cent. Foreign companies cannot afford to pay ransoms in excess of $10 million to keep a man in the field, and cannot afford the only kind of security that is effective. There are 72 persons guarding the American ambassador and his family: at a cost of $1 million per year. Among the effects being protected at the American ambassador's residence is a plaque commemorating the visit in that building of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt between November 30 and December 2, 1936.

The plaque features a single phrase from a declaration by the President on that occasion: "Democracy is still the hope of the world." In Argentina, democracy brought them Perón, twice. Democracy proved not the hope of Argentina, but the undoing of Argentina.

And now they need to go back and start all over again. There is total freedom of the press, which abounds with criticism of this or that act or this or that government official. The policies of Martins de Hoz, the ascetic, scholarly minister of the economy, are hotly debated. But the government has the right not to censor, but to close down newspapers, and did so last week, ordering *La Opinión* closed for 48 hours. The fight against inflation is painful, but progress is being made.

Americans owe them patience and understanding. That is why it is absolutely critical to know whether in fact we are dealing with gentlemen. □

AIRLINE UPDATE

Rio de Janeiro, Feb. 6 —It has been a while since I filed one of my occasional reports on air travel, but now I must caution against flying by Viasa, the Venezuelan air line, if you are among those who a) desire to read aboard an airplane; or b) prefer not to eat lunch at three in the afternoon; or c) tend to prefer the company of an amiable crew. It is probably unfair to file a report based on a single experience, but it is equally unfair to fail to pass along the word after two consecutive experiences.

To be sure, waiting at the airport in Rio de Janeiro is especially trying. The other day the temperature there was 110°. The airport is not air-conditioned. There is a single room there that is cooled, but access to it requires that you call 24 hours ahead to reserve a seat. This may strike you as unreasonable, since in the United States we are not accustomed to going to airports for the purpose of going to waiting rooms. But it makes a certain amount of sense in Rio where—just to begin with—the habit of mind is bureaucratic. At that same airport, if you want to check a bag in the baggage room, a form must be completed in quadruplicate, including your passport number. But the main reason for waiting at the Rio airport is, presumably, because flights by Viasa don't usually land on time. Why then not wait at home, or in your air-conditioned hotel, knowing that the flight will be late? Because there is no way of ascertaining whether a particular Viasa flight will be late: You see, Viasa does not answer its telephone.

Two and one-half hours late, the flight to Buenos Aires finally took off, and since it had turned dusk, the handful of passengers on board turned on their reading lights. A faint glow issued, rather like wartime London protecting itself against the blitz. Questioned, the stewardess tells you blithely that no one has ever complained before: You tell her that, as of this moment, the record is broken, but she does not smile with you. FLASH! Why not go forward to the compartment with the table in the first class lounge.

You do so, and the light is gratifying. But in a moment, in storms the Jefe de Cabina. "This lounge is reserved for the crew." Surely not, you say: it is clearly an amenity for all the first class passengers—and nothing less than an oasis for those who have work to do, and need light to do it. Besides, there are approximately 104 empty seats on the plane, wherein, provided they don't want to read, the crew could relax. The steward retorts that the crew has been working for nine hours. You retort that you have been sitting two and one-half hours in Rio and worked seven hours before that, and that it is not *your* responsibility that the airplane is late: Whereupon—the ultimate weapon!—the Chief of Cabin, who ought to be featured in Viasa's next series of advertisements, turns off the overhead light, leaving you in the dark. Ah so. The Jefe de Cabina does not know that I can type in the dark!

THREE MONTHS ago, boarding Viasa in Panama at 2:30 P.M. for a three hour flight to Caracas, a teutonic stewardess with brushed-back blonde hair, plunked assorted cold matter in front of me at 2:45, and I observed that having lunched at 1, I had no appetite at 2:45, but would be grateful for the sustenance at, say, 4:30. She harrumphed, as if I had made an improper proposal, that refreshments were being served *now*, and not again! There is of course no point in eating when you are not hungry—unless you are a bear preparing for hibernation: so I passed. But I did observe the lady who, a good two hours before landing at Caracas, everyone having been served, reclined in her chair, there being nothing to do. Save possibly hate passengers. If her thought turned to contempt for patrons of Viasa, I must concede that she was intelligently occupied.

By and large, Venezuelans are the most hospitable people in the world. But there are some who become positively Russian in their attitude toward customers. The Russians, as readers of Mr. Hedrick Smith's wonderful book will recall, actively resent patronage of any facility by which they are employed. My own experience suggests that the teutonic lady, and the Jefe de Cabina, will be happy only when their airplanes are entirely empty of passengers. They may not have long to wait. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Lincoln offered him field command of the Union forces; member, Federal Communications Commission — 7 116 88 96 29 140 173 268 1 99 / 130 128 258 42 53

B. American general, World War II — 18 40 219 231 204 2 9 108 183 264

C. American general, World War I — 46 213 39 8 52 260 159 228

D. English novelist (1866-1946) — 48 5 67 215 247 93 79 265 234

E. A method of mixing playing cards — 54 251 15 105 68 267 157 202 246 30 / 56 103 120

F. American general, Mexican War — 76 189 259 110 162 119

G. A South American river, 1600 miles long — 104 217 112 163 192 209 55

H. American biochemist who shared 1946 Nobel chemistry prize with two others — 113 179 176 122 141 249 69 262

I. General whose name is perpetuated by "free" federal money — 83 13 22 47 62 78 73 121 28 37 / 151 171 14 23 114 32 90 4 16

J. A velvet-black variety of uraninite containing cerium and yttrium — 153 165 230 218 180 58 210 12

K. Stationary — 135 193 132 150 212 124 172 111 220

L. A mixture or medley — 145 94 123 182 158 253 134

M. An order of architecture — 125 44 233 186 166

N. Delegation of a dispute to arbiters — 161 117 21 216 232 74 66 85 184 200 / 242 245 11

O. A county in North Carolina — 19 25 34 36 70

P. The librarian, New York Public Library, 1897-1903 — 196 187 95 100 235 126 43 71

Q. Adjective bureaucrats use when something new has been added — 211 91 107 131 133 147 240 154 164 198

R. Not perfectly balanced — 229 97 129 59 72 188 222 205 45

S. One of the principal ranges of the Alps — 239 50 61 168 82

T. Harsh or biting sharpness — 255 136 146 143 194 169 236 26

U. Where one may drink a round after a round — 41 238 10 60 84 98 127 138 167 77 / 241 31 266 3

V. American general who made a comeback — 160 35 102 139 190 223 252 261 27 33 / 38 49 51 17 106 118

W. Italian operatic basso at Metropolitan Opera Company, 1899-1933 — 243 92 63 224 237 195

X. A common law action to recover the value of goods wrongfully converted by another to his own use — 201 64 175 226 81 254

Y. A strong coated cloth used for bookbinding — 214 65 80 137 170 208

Z. Expressing emotion — 24 101 174 207 178 197 225 256 263

a. A lunch stop in Ohio — 115 109 206 87 152 148

b. Inner excitement or turmoil — 142 57 75 6 20 86 177 185 191 203 / 221 244 257

c. One that rules or manages — 181 199 89 227 156 248

d. Former name of Toronto — 250 155 144 149

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

NOTE: Bold black lines instead of boxes indicate the ends of words for this puzzle only. No author is given.

See page 284 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 A	2 B	3 U	4 I	5 D	6 b	7 A	8 C	9 B	10 U	11 N	12 J	13 I	14 I
15 E	16 I	17 V	18 B	19 O	20 b	21 N	22 I	23 I	24 Z	25 O	26 T	27 V	28 I	29 A	30 E	31 U	32 I	33 V	34 O
35 V	36 O	37 I	38 V	39 C	40 B	41 U	42 A	43 P	44 M	45 R	46 C	47 I	48 D	49 V	50 S	51 V	52 C	53 A	54 E
55 G	56 E	57 b	58 J	59 R	60 U	61 S	62 I	63 W	64 X	65 Y	66 N	67 D	68 E	69 H	70 O	71 P	72 R	73 I	74 N
75 b	76 F	77 U	78 I	79 D	80 Y	81 X	82 S	83 I	84 U	85 N	86 b	87 a	88 A	89 c	90 I	91 Q	92 W	93 D	94 L
95 P	96 A	97 R	98 U	99 A	100P	101Z	102V	103E	104G	105E	106V	107Q	108B	109a	110F	111K	112G	113H	114I
115a	116A	117N	118W	119F	120E	121I	122H	123L	124K	125M	126P	127U	128A	129R	130A	131Q	132K	133Q	134L
135K	136T	137Y	138U	139V	140A	141H	142b	143T	144d	145L	146T	147Q	148a	149d	150K	151I	152a	153J	154Q
155d	156c	157E	158L	159C	160V	161N	162F	163G	164Q	165J	166M	167U	168S	169T	170Y	171I	172K	173A	174Z
175X	176H	177b	178Z	179H	180J	181c	182L	183B	184N	185b	186M	187P	188R	189F	190V	191b	192G	193K	194T
195W	196P	197Z	198Q	199c	200N	201X	202E	203b	204B	205R	206a	207Z	208Y	209G	210J	211Q	212K	213C	214Y
215D	216N	217G	218J	219B	220K	221b	222R	223V	224W	225Z	226X	227c	228C	229R	230J	231B	232N	233M	234D
235P	236T	237W	238U	239S	240Q	241U	242N	243W	244b	245N	246E	247D	248c	249H	250d	251E	252V	253L	254X
255T	256Z	257b	258A	259F	260C	261V	262H	263Z	264B	265D	266U	267E	268A						

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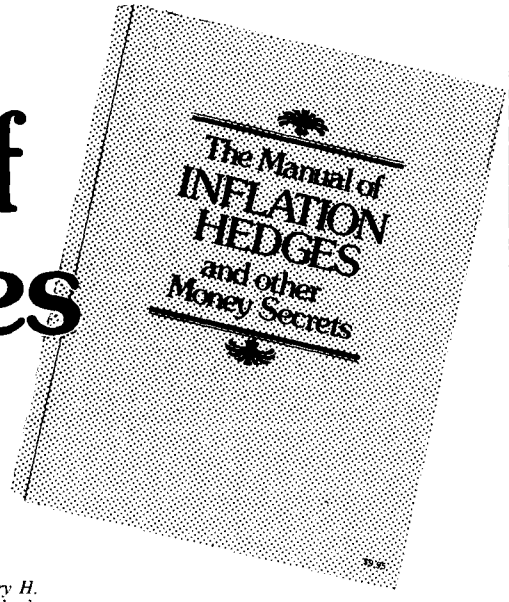

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- PART THREE is a complete **Inflation Hedger's Directory.**

Each of the 17 chapters is written by a recognized investment authority, a specialist in his field. These experts answer your questions, provide specific "how-to" information, and show you step by step how to survive, and even profit and prosper during the *new* 1977 inflation.

Each chapter is a basic, non-technical introduction to its subject. Yet each is also completely authoritative, accurate and up to date.

The Manual of Inflation Hedges (and Other Money Secrets) is the simplest, briefest handbook of anti-inflation advice and information now available. It takes the place of a dozen other books, each of which would cost you at least the price of the **Manual** alone!

If you've made up your mind to survive the coming inflation, you can't afford to pass up this authoritative and informative book.

Contents of the Manual

Here is an outline of all 17 chapters of **The Manual of Inflation Hedges (and Other Money Secrets).**

PART ONE: PERSONAL FINANCE STRATEGIES

- **Making the Most of Tax Shelters,** *by Larry H. Abraham.* How to select the tax shelter that's right for you.
- **Foreign Trusts: Not Just for the Wealthy.** How to protect your assets from foreign exchange controls, law suits, probate, and (sometimes) even from taxes.
- **Making the Most of a Swiss Bank Account,** *by Robert Kinsman.* An analysis of several often-overlooked advantages of Swiss banks.
- **Life, Medical and Disability Insurance,** *by Douglas R. Casey and* **Casualty Insurance,** *by John A. Pugsley.* These two chapters contain a multitude of techniques for reducing your insurance cost—and *increasing* your protection.
- **How to Raise Personal Capital,** *by Mark Skousen.* Your complete guide to personal loans—including several *new* (and surprising) sources of funds.
- **The Best of Interest-Paying Checking Accounts,** *by Mark Skousen.* Amazing but true! Many U.S. banks pay interest on your checking account. Thousands of ISL readers have profited from this important article.
- **How Safe is Your Bank?** If you don't know the answer, you can't afford not to read this chapter. It provides guidelines you can use to find out if *your* bank is in trouble.

PART TWO: SPECULATIONS AND UNUSUAL INVESTMENTS

- **Fine Art and Antiques,** *by Richard H. Rush.* America's best-known authority on art and antique investments shows you how the experts profit.
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- **An Investor's Guide to Gemstones,** *by Frank P. Jaeger.* Everything you need to know about this currently "hot" investment.
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- **Speculating in Foreign Currencies,** *by Walter Perschke.* The profits—and risks—of foreign currency speculation.
- **How to Trade in Commodity Options,** *by Kermit C. Zeig.* An alternative to the highly speculative futures markets. Here's an introduction to a new and exciting investment technique that maximizes profit and minimizes loss.
- **Speculating in Property,** *by John Kamin.* Many valuable tips for the new real estate investor.
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PART THREE: THE INFLATION HEDGER'S DIRECTORY

A wealth of useful, hard-to-find information is packed into this remarkable Directory: *Recommended books and cassette tapes and where to order them by mail . . . Recommended advisory publications, free catalogs, and other investment literature . . . Foreign banks . . . Private safe deposit companies . . . Storage food companies . . . Coin dealers, securities brokers, metals and futures brokers, investment advisors and portfolio managers.* This Directory is encyclopedic in scope. It's an *indispensable* guide which includes names, addresses, prices. *Hundreds* of entries, *dozens* of ideas.

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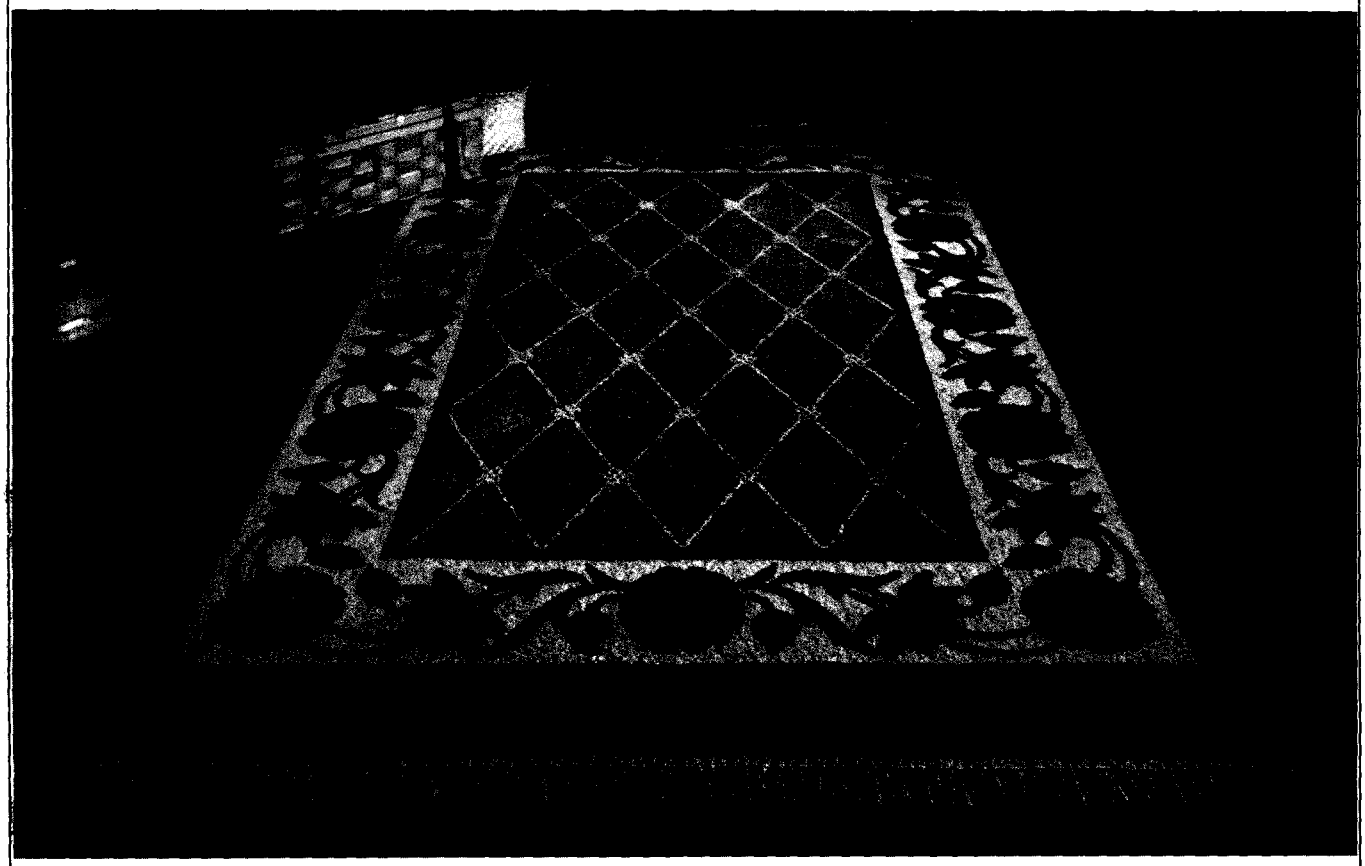

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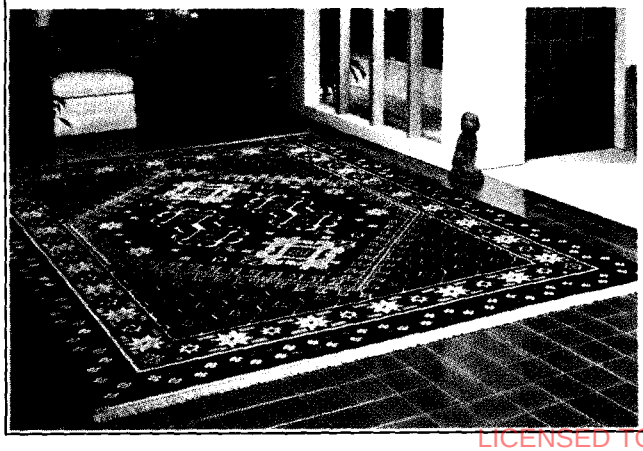

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